



June 20th Vol III No 10 Seattle 3128 Harvard East LNS-UPS

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BY J RAU

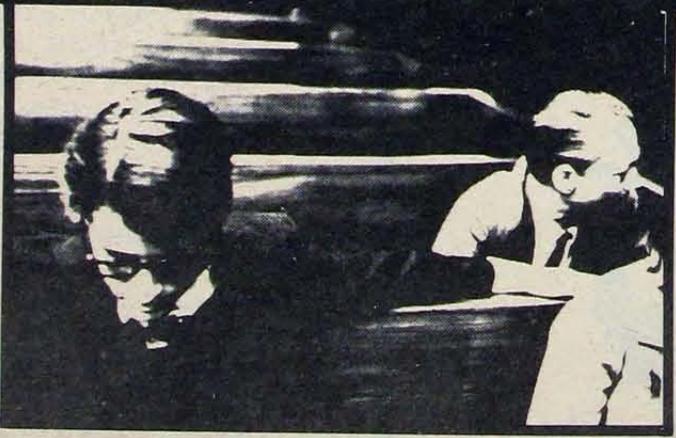


Two and One-half years ago, Russel Milton Wills inaugurated an act of conscience which has since proved the paradigm for a host of similar acts. Wills, in the fall of 1965, wrote a letter to his draft board (local board No. 47 in Berkeley, Cal.) stating that he had destroyed his draft card and that he would not cooperate with the Selective Service System in any way. His act was a clear and early protest against the war in Viet Nam. One week later Russel received a 1-A classification with no explanation appended to this change of status. (At the time when these actions were initiated Wills was a full-time graduate student in Philosophy at the U of W. He held a 11-S (student deferment) draft classification. Russel was called up and refused to submit to induction on February 24, 1966. On Sept. 23, 1966 Wills was convicted in the Federal District Court for Western Washington of refusing to submit to induction and was sentenced to five years in prison. Notice of Appeal to the Ninth Federal Court of Appeals was filed the same day. The case was heard in the Ninth Circuit on Sept. 6, 1967.

Russel was defended by Seattle attorney Kenneth A. MacDonald who argued that the Selective Service System rendered its own act of calling Russel up for induction null and void by acting outside its own jurisdiction; i.e. that Russel was classified as a delinquent by his alleged violation of a federal criminal statute (destruction of draft card) for which he was not prosecuted and that he was therefore denied due process of law. MacDonald also argues that the Selective Service System, by declaring him delinquent on the basis of his letter to them, violated Russel's constitutional right of freedom of speech and his right to petition his government for redress of grievances. Will's appeal failed. The Court argued that he was not denied the right of free speech and right of protest; but that the draft board took action because "his form of protest constituted an act of willful disobedience of the board's requirements that at all time he retain his draft card in his possession." Thus, eventually, Wills will be put away for five years by the sanctions of a lofty and politically blind justice for "Destruction of a draft card (which) is, in fact, no more than a willful and defiant refusal to possess." . . . one of the more spirit-filled instances of American matter: ego as draft-card.

Wills tried for the Supreme Court who would not accept his writ of certiorari to be heard along with the case of O'Brien vs. USA. (O'Brien—two weeks ago—lost his case for the 1st-amendment right of protest qua draft-card burning.) Wills also lost on the 10th of this month by a vote of 3-3 to have his case heard separately by the Supreme Court. Since it takes only 4 votes for acceptance of Certiorari, Wills would almost certainly have been assured of having his case heard had not Justice Douglas—who is known to be relatively sympathetic to similar cases—been in the hospital. A last ditch appeal for reconsideration by the Courts will be filed as a delaying tactic. However, it is expected that within the month, the Grand Marshall here will issue a warrant for Russel's arrest. He will serve at either McNeil Island or possible Lompoc, California in a Federal Prison Farm.

Johnson's guarded peace gestures, gun hysteria, crime legislation, supreme court decision regarding freedom of speech and police search have at the same time set the nation stunned into the building devices of blind oppression while sleep-walking along through the soft-promises of peace through propaganda. The meeting in the Park on this 4th of July will be an attempt to reaffirm the clear head that will not bow under.



DISCOUNT RECORDS INVENTORY SALE

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CHAIRMAN LBJ

Tonight, our nation faces, once again, the consequences of lawlessness, hatred and unreason in its midst.

It would be wrong—it would be self-deceptive—to ignore the connection between that lawlessness and hatred, and this act of violence.

It would be just as wrong, just as self-deceptive, to ignore the connection between that lawlessness and hatred and this act of violence.

IT WOULD BE just as wrong, just as self-deceptive, to conclude from this

BY CHESTER GOULD

"VIOLENCE IS GOLDEN,
WHEN IT'S USED TO
PUT DOWN EVIL."



act that our country itself is sick—that it has lost its balance, its sense of direction, even its common decency.

Two hundred million Americans did not strike down Robert Kennedy last night—any more than they struck down President John F. Kennedy in 1963 or Martin Luther King in April of this year.

But those awful events gave us ample warning.

That in a climate of extremism, of disrespect for law, of contempt for the rights of others—violence may bring down the very best among us.

And a nation that tolerates violence in any form cannot expect to be able to confine it to minor outbursts.

My fellow citizens: we can not, we must not tolerate the sway of violent men among us.

WE MUST NOT permit men filled with hatred, and carelessness of innocent lives, to dominate our streets and fill our homes with fear.

We cannot sanction the appeals of violence, no matter what its cause, no matter what the grievance from which it springs.



There is never — never any justification for the violence that tears at the fabric of our national life:

— That inspires such fear in peaceful citizens that they arm themselves with deadly weapons;

— That sets citizen against citizen or group against group.

A great nation can guarantee freedom for its people, and the hope of progressive change only under the rule of law.

LET US — for God's sake — resolve to live under the law.

Let us put an end to violence — and to the preaching of violence.

Let the Congress pass laws to bring the insane traffic in guns to a halt. That will not in itself end the violence.

But reason and experience tell us that it will slow it down — that it will spare many innocent lives.

Let us purge the hostility from our hearts — and practice moderation with our tongues. Let us begin — in the aftermath of this tragedy, to find a way to reverence life, to protect it, to extend its promise to all our people.

My fellow citizens: we can not, we must not tolerate the sway of violent men among us.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98105

June 7, 1968

4

MISCONDUCT

Dear Mrs. Winslow:

The disciplinary authority dealing with your misconduct on April 26, involving the unauthorized use of exterior audio amplifying equipment, has recommended that you be given a disciplinary warning. I have reviewed the report of the disciplinary authority, a copy of which was mailed to you yesterday, and I concur in the recommendation of the report with regard to the penalty to be assessed.

I am writing, therefore, to notify you that your conduct at the April 26 rally was in violation of University rules and to warn you that any further misconduct or violation of rules on your part will result in a more serious disciplinary action, including the possibility of your dismissal from the University. As required by University regulations, this action is being reported to the Dean of your college for his records.

I think it would be useful for you to read, if you have not done so, President Johnson's statement of Wednesday evening which comments eloquently on the matter of disrespect for law, contempt for the rights of others and the ultimate consequences of these attitudes. It would be useful also for you to read the letter in the Daily of May 3 from a number of prominent members of the faculty on the subject of the April 26 activities of your group. The letter speaks of the use of direct action techniques such as the wilful violation of regulations in which you participated. The letter goes on to say that the use of such techniques "comes dangerously close to embracing a root evil that has long plagued mankind -- intolerance . . . Direct conflict and polarization techniques do nothing to promote either the intellectual quality or social relevance of a university . . . University policies and practices may not be perfect, nor may they accord with the wishes of everyone, but there are functioning procedures for changing these policies and practices. They are consistent with the underlying nature of a university, and they insure that a maximum amount of reason will be brought to bear. We believe they should be used, not bypassed . . ."

I trust that this warning will be taken seriously, that your conduct in the future will be in accord with the foregoing faculty statement and that it will not be necessary to see you again in a disciplinary situation.

Sincerely,

YOU BULLY!
GO AWAY!

HAW! EAT SOME
SAND, TWERP!

Donald K. Anderson
Vice President

cc: President Odegaard
Dean of College
Disciplinary Authority

Mr. Michael Rosen
Prof. Vernon B. Hammer
Prof. Charles A. Evans

January 9, 1968

Darling,

I sure do love you. I received your letter and your two cards. You really make me feel good. When you ask your mom, I'm hoping she'll let you keep me. I kind of feel like one of the family already. A shame to lose it if she said no. I got a letter from your mom today. I really like her, she's always so thoughtful and encouraging. Lately I haven't been doing much but doing some plumbing during the day and guard duty every other week. Last week we went down to Tam Ky. Four of us on a truck. We ran into a little enemy ground fire but fortunately none of us got hurt. I killed my first North Vietnamese. He was about 16 years old at the oldest. Some of his comrades looked as if they were only 12 or 13. We captured two and turned them over to the interrogation team. They showed us to a VC Ammunition dump and supply route.....

(found on the street,
additional pages
missing.)



RIVOLI

ANDY WARHOL'S
'THE CHELSEA GIRLS'

"TOUR DE FORCE
OF TECHNICAL
AND SEXUAL
INGENUITY"

- NATIONAL OBSERVER

"ONE OF THE MOST
POWERFUL, OUTRAGEOUS,
RELEVANT AND
NOTICEABLE MOVIES
ANYONE ANYWHERE
HAS MADE!"

- NEWSWEEK



POT PRECEDENT!

Marijuana is not a narcotic drug says a judge in Bellingham. And so Judge Jack Kurtz of Whatcom County District Court dismissed possession charges against two men.

The two, Clinton G. Fellon, 19, Seattle, and Ronald M. Henshaw, 19, Bainbridge Island, both are students at Western Washington State College. Bellingham fuzz had filed the charges after a search on April 27 of the apartment occupied by the two students.

Judge Kurtz took his action after Dr. Lawrence Halpern, a University of Washington pharmacologist, testified that marijuana is not a narcotic drug. Halpern called marijuana a short-term, low-potency drug on which nobody could conceivable become "hooked." He said it produces no physiological dependence and only minor physical effects like slightly increased heart rate and blood pressure, dizziness and nausea.

Comparing grass to alcohol, Halpern said that although alcohol causes visible tissue damage, marijuana produces no such changes in frequent users.

As the Bellingham Herald reported the judge's decision and the testimony leading to it, said: "Dr. Halpern noted the more and more often a person uses marijuana, the less of the substance he needs to produce the desired result."

The deputy prosecutor who tried to convict the two students said he would appeal Judge Kurtz's ruling.

STRANGE DEATH

Few blacker pages mar the sordid book of America's shame than that which bears the tale of the "death" of Warren Gamaliel Harding, twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth president of the United States.

Was he murdered, poisoned by Florence Kling? Or perhaps "eliminated" by the lily-white eastern seaboard-establishment barons who feared Harding as America's first Black President? No one today knows, and after forty-five years the trail is cold. But there are indications, clues to the truth so heartbreakingly concealed by the mudslinging and the lies.

Let's look at the record. From the moment of his birth in Blooming Grove, O., WGH was destined for greatness. In his term in the Senate he proved himself sensitive to the tides of his time, voting for repeal of the income tax, price controls, for tougher anti-strike laws and enforcement of the Volstead Act, against the League of Nations. His public career was crowned by his announcement of the end of World War One (1921) and his dedication of the Lincoln Memorial. Little enough cause here for any decent man to desire his death. But forces were moving below the clear surface of public life.

Humphrey's illegitimacy has long been accepted by all serious students, although concrete proof has been lacking. The significance of the old legend among hard-line Republicans, that Harding did not in fact die, but instead disappeared into obscurity in South Dakota with Nan Britton, "the only woman he ever loved" (Albert B. Fall), is given new significance if the two circumstances are taken together. The ludicrous attempts at deception later, the woman who impersonated Mrs. Britton to blacken WGH's name, the hysterical attempts at hiding the vicious circumstances surrounding his "death" by a trumped-up poisonous vilification of his stewardship of the nation point only more glaringly to the criminal nature of Florence Kling, a woman five years his senior, whose marriage to him was never legal even if her continuing liaison with Marshall Eugene DeWolfe had not freed him from any moral bond, and in whose mysteriously missing private papers is sure to be found the truth at last of the Strange Death of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Harding Historian
R. Downey, Esq.

THE EAGLE

Vol. 3 No. 23

Thursday, June 6, 1968

Application to mail at 2nd class postage rates is pending at Yakima, Wn. 10¢



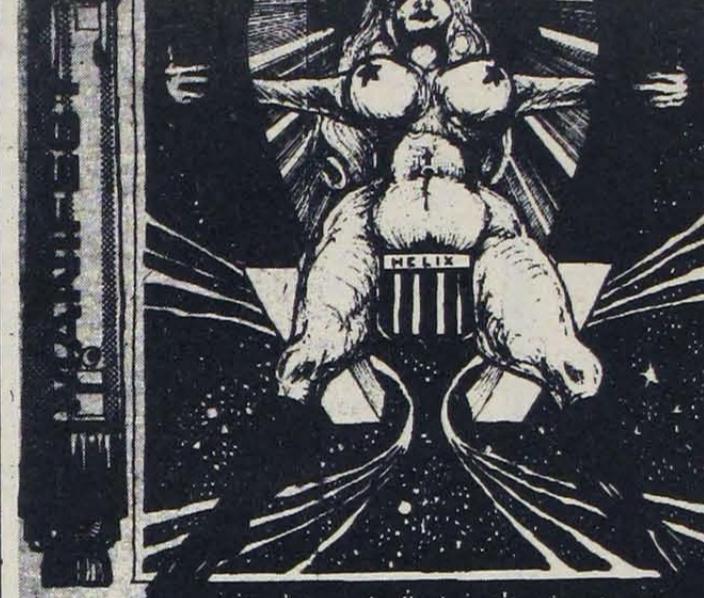
\$4.00 yr. Yakima County
\$5.00 outside.
Jeffersonian Publ. Inc. Don Tait, Editor

CLEAVER FREE?

Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Minister of Information has been granted a writ of Habeas Corpus by Solano County Superior Court. The State failed to produce Cleaver's parole officer and was reduced to speaking on his behalf. The Parole Officer, R. Bilideau is willing to testify for Cleaver, but is afraid to embarrass the California Adult Authority which revoked Cleaver's parole without a hearing. Bail has been set at the modest sum of \$50,000.

SUMMATION HELIX

MAGNETISM



CONTROLS THE
UNIVERSE

QUOTE: CHARLES COOK, CHIEF OF DIA TRADERS

WHO PRINTS THE HELIX? Somewhere A 'Legitimate' Publisher Is Aiding The Enemy

The atrocity accompanying this article is the front cover of a recent issue of the HELIX, infamous Seattle-based hippie underground "newspaper." If you think this front page is bad, you probably wouldn't believe your eyes if you saw the interior; certainly we are not going to reproduce the filth just to prove it exists. Suffice it to say that this publication called HELIX and the other similar circulars which seek to subvert our youth with all the vile things they can think of, are reaching over 20,000 minds in the Seattle area alone, every time they publish an issue, and the full impact of their type of propaganda (which is always left) is being felt by youngsters all over the nation.

Who Would do Such a Thing?

Because of the extensive use of color and other technical facilities, this paper must be produced on a high-speed, multi-unit offset press. Because of the extremely costly equipment involved, the HELIX could not even be produced in Yakima, unless the dailies with their \$2 million plant would do the printing (and we are not even suggesting they would do so, only pointing out what it takes). Since this is the case, just

where IS the HELIX being printed? We are sure the hippies do not have the press to do this job, and we are also sure the Seattle dailies do not have the time to devote to it either. Where on the west coast is there a publisher who would print a thing like the HELIX? Where is there a typesetter, who, while setting the filth in the HELIX pages would not realize what he was helping to do to perhaps even his own children? What artist, as he cuts the delicate overlays and negatives used to produce the fancy color plates can stomach the content and say to himself, "Truly, I have no obligation to my children or to anyone else, hence I can put my skill to such a use"? What press operator, as he cranks up the speed wheel can look at his helper and not feel the guilt of knowing the young minds which will be twisted by the obscenities the HELIX distributes? Are all these people so proud of their work they sneak the HELIX out the back door at 10 p.m., so no one in their community knows what they are doing? Does the publisher make a show of being a patriot by day, and then produce the HELIX for money at night? For the answers to these questions, read next week's EAGLE.

Rumbles from
Seattle

Who Prints The Helix?

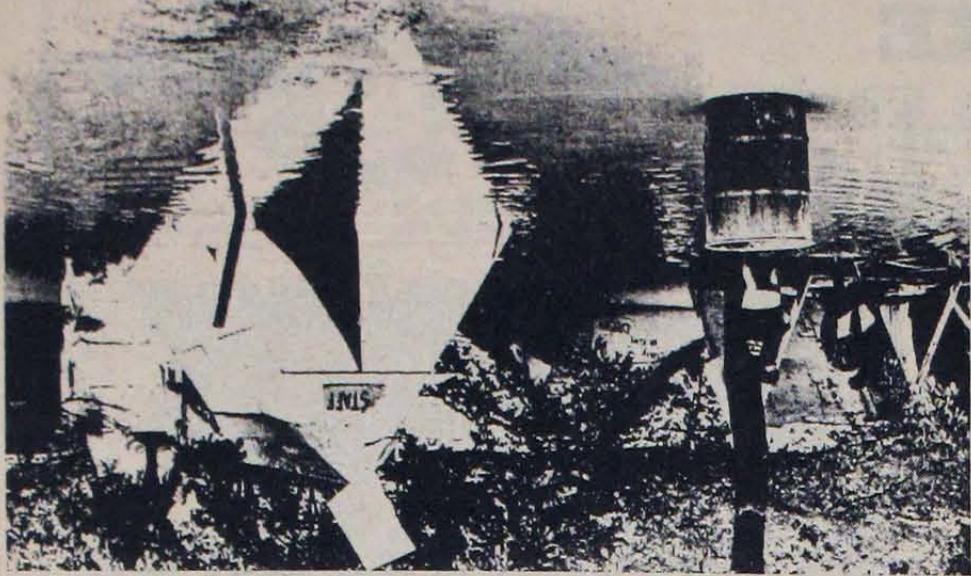
In our research into this question, the EAGLE has turned up a truck driver living in Sedro Woolley who apparently delivers the HELIX from the printing plant to the U District in Seattle. If our information is correct, this puts the printing plant somewhere in the area of the Skagit Valley. Readers in that area are asked to call their local publishers to see if they are knowledgeable about who prints the HELIX and WHY. More details next week.

Our disguise is penetrated. Our northbound cover driver unmasked. Fear not, HELIX will defend its secret atrocity headquarters to the bitter end. Remember! Even Paranooids have real enemies.

Eds.



SPOKE



HARASS

Ex-Stanford Student body president was convicted in San Francisco of refusing induction. Presiding over the court, Judge Carter said during the sentencing, "You are one of the most willful violators I have ever seen. I usually give draft objectors 18 months, but I sentence you to three years in prison." Harris' lawyer Francis Heisler, a notorious enemy of the draft and defender of 600 draft cases, delved into the heart of American history quoting George Washington who pardoned the Quakers for refusing induction into the American Revolution.

In cross examination Heisler forced Selective Service Clerk Miss Thompkins to reveal that Harris' request for an appeal was overlooked in processing. Harris waived his right to an appeal and the trial went on. He took the stand and said, "When a society rejects brotherhood... it leads to the destruction of other societies... (We) have a joyous opportunity to build a world. Our lives are the seeds of that world. It'll never be built if we don't begin it."

The case has been appealed. Harris is free on his own recognition, organizing a caravan to travel this summer teaching on opposition to the draft. Heisler hopes to carry his arguments on the unconstitutionality of the Selective Service System before the Supreme Court.

1234567

An estimated 1,000,000 people in the East Bay area were unable to drool over the Live Telecast Murder of the Month and 20 voting precincts had to total votes by hand on election night, as saboteurs resumed activities by toppling three 70 foot PG & E transmission towers in the hills behind Oakland. This was the seventh successful mission accomplished since February 1 in spite of armed helicopter flights, armored car sweeps, and heavy security patrols along the transmission lines leading into the Bay Area. On the urban front of Berkley a bulldozer destroying homes near Bonita and Milvia was blown up.

TX-CR4+TPM

THE FLU Canadian chemical warfare experts stated that the mysterious appearance of the disease "Asian flu" in the 50's could be attributed to some nation's research experiments in the effectiveness and contagion patterns of bacteriological weapons. Ever wonder why it was called "asian flu" and not the "Tennessee Trot" or Guevara's Grippe? Beware the Yellow Peril. "They're like millions of squirming yeller microbes. Makes me sick just to think of 'em."

ICRI CR2 CR3

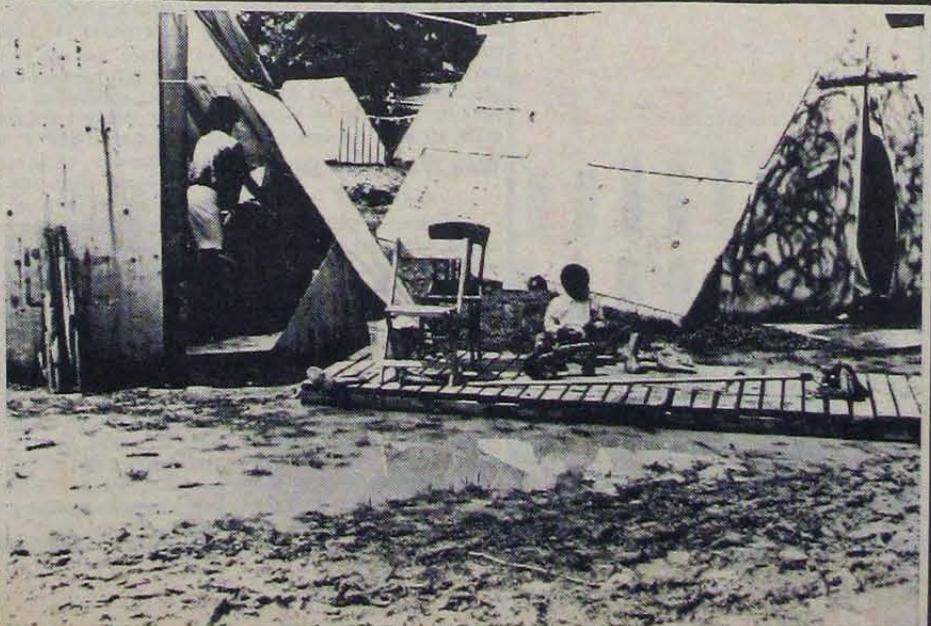
THE POOR

At this point, it's still difficult to assess the significance of recent developments within the Poor People's Campaign. It seems clear, however, that, confronted with an unresponsive Congress and dissension within the leadership, the Campaign's momentum is faltering. On Friday, June 7, Bayard Rustin announced his resignation as Ralph Abernathy's hand-picked co-ordinator of the July 19 "Solidarity Day" March, originally intended as a demonstration where "the non-poor and the middle-class do their thing" in support of the Poor People's demands on Congress. Rustin, the civil-rights leader who organized the 1963 March on Washington, had issued a 20 point statement that he said represented the demands of the poor people of Resurrection City....a statement later disavowed by Abernathy.

This change within the PPC leadership reflects a shift in the distribution of power away from the respectable, middle-class, liberal element represented by Rustin; whether it has been shifted to the poor people themselves is not yet clear. The kind of "coalition politics" advocated by Rustin, a highly-organized symbiosis of labor and liberals, as exemplified in The Freedom Budget, seems strangely anachronistic in the summer of 1968...a political year which has witnessed the spectable of organized labor supporting Lyndon Baines Johnson initially, then shifting its support to Lyndon Baines Humphrey. There were fears among some of the poor people of Resurrection City and among the SCLC militants that Rustin conceived of the June 19 Poor People's March as a replica of the 1963 March....and that Rustin had somehow failed to recognize what had been happening in America since the summer of 1963.

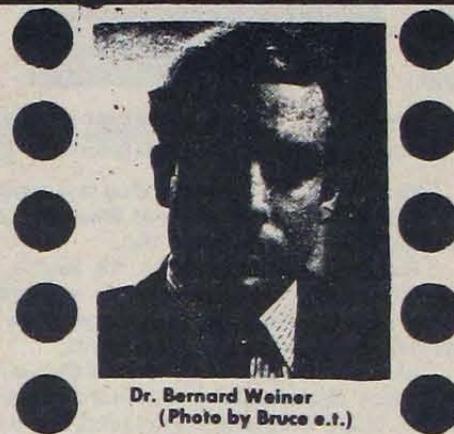
Abernathy's dismissal of Rustin probably represents a bid for support from the militant elements in the Campaign as is his threat to "stop Congress" if it failed to respond quickly to the Poor People's demands. A cursory glance at Congress's recent accomplishments, however would suggest that this threat, if carried out, wouldn't significantly alter governmental activity in the U.S. Whatever the significance of Baynard Rustin's departure, it's clear that the relative success or failure of the June 19 March, to be co-ordinated now by Stirling Tucker, Washington director of the Urban League, will be critical in determining the future course of the Poor People's Campaign.

Henry Erlich



The government has found four of the "Boston Five" guilty of conspiring to counsel violation of the Selective Service laws and hindering the administration of conscription. The Four: Chaplin Coffin, Doctor Spock, Mitchell Goodman, and Michael Ferber received sentences of five years in prison and a fine not to exceed \$50,000 each. Marcus Raskin, former Kennedy administration disarmament adviser was found not guilty.

The Government case was surprisingly brief. U.S. Asst. Attorney John Wall relayed on films of TV broadcasts showing Spock and the others at a demonstration at New York's Whitehall Induction Center on December 5, 1967. In the film Dr. Spock says: "we are deliberately breaking the law." Prosecution also called a special FBI agent who interviewed Spock in December. In that interview the Doctor said: "If those men who turn in their cards are guilty, then I'm guilty too. And if they go to jail, then I should go too." The doctor may have to wait--defense intends to appeal its case (based on the unconstitutionality of the Selective Service laws) to the U.S. Supreme Court.



Dr. Bernard Weiner
(Photo by Bruce e.t.)

A report of the University Purity League on the case of Professor Weiner, Western Washington State College:

It's not quite clear what really happened to Dr. Weiner. I reviewed his record and approved him for the academic market right after he took his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Since then, however, he's fallen completely apart.

Shortly after he joined the Political Science Department at WWSC, his professional dignity began to fail. For instance, he made himself available to students after office hours. Little groups formed around him. This put a heavy burden on other faculty members as students began to believe they could talk to them any time, any place.

He spoke out against the war in Vietnam, wore a flower in his ear at one time, and even conducted a mock trial in which students presented both sides of the Vietnam war.

His antics were not limited to these academic activities, either. He wrote poetry and gave occasional readings. He also wrote and presented a play at a Bellingham theater. In this age of specialization, he only served to confuse students by going off in all directions—sometimes being a poet, playwright or war critic, and other times being a friend, a political scientist or an adviser. Could there ever be more unnatural combinations in this age of specialization?

Why, after all, should students need and like him? They have psychiatrists available, other professors with regular office hours, nurses, and financial aid.

It finally was decided in the secret regions of his department that Professor Weiner must go. Despite all efforts, however, a petition containing 1,500 signatures turned up, demanding that Weiner be allowed to remain. Then a hearing was held to determine if his academic freedom had been violated.

Then too, the head of Dr. Weiner's department suddenly resigned. Then a faculty group formed the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Fellowship and presented over \$3,000 to Professor Weiner. The student body established the Free University of Northwest Youth and named Professor Weiner coordinator-director. He also was among ten persons nominated as best professor of the year.

And so Western will be stuck with Dr. Weiner for yet another year. Perhaps, like Dr. Spock, he is "conspiring to conspire."

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GORILLA ON THE AVE

Conspiracies are flocking thick and heavy hereabouts. With the announcement that the FIRST ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL LIGHTER THAN AIR EXHIBITION AND WARREN G. HARDING FESTIVAL will be a three day pastoral reality labor day weekend with a Host of Bands, Food Potlach, Theatre, etc., the expiators and interpreters of under-the-cover plottings will be adjusting their charts in the flagrant ecstasies of interpretations.

Already on the ave we have seen at least one instance of "MALICIOUS DESTRUCTION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY." John Brown, rhythm guitar for the now defunked PH PHACTOR and now multiple-guitar for the MELODIUS FUNK was riding rider seat down the ave between 43rd and 42nd eating pistachio nuts... when in front of the Pizza Haven he flicked a shell through the window which severely grazed a passing auto to a forced stop and arrested him in the name of and for the protection of private property. Thus, for the flinging of the shell Brown spent a day in jail and doled something short of 100 bucks bail which his good friends scurried throughout the day to collect.

Then Bill Frazer walking in that same vicinity, while crossing the street at the cross-walk pirouetted a passing motorized friend like a bull fighter and threw at the bumper of that metal monstrosity a spit wad unsplitted. Again, immediately Bill was pounced upon first by uniformed officers who ticketed him for "playing in the street," and then by narcs who took him downtown for a talk and a charge of littering.

Then FLASH-Robbin GURU of latter-day Dionysian Mysteries and the Wooded Sacrement-suited himself to Gorilla clothes and visited the same AVE. (cf. photo) Disembarking at the Hill, Flash cut through AGGIES and again up the Ave. Pausing for a simeon-size inhalation FLASH was apprehended from behind by the gentle tapping of night-sticks. He explains, "It's hard enough to focus anyway but through the two eye slits in the Gorilla's head it was like compounded tunnel-vision. Like a Camera's panning as I turned I slowly focused on the forces of the counter-revolution. I knew I was in for a Gambit. One of the blue-men in the tunnel demanded 'let's see your draft card, BOY!!! Take that hat off.' Only because I know what love looks like could I understand the hate in their eyes. In retrospect I can understand what could have been insulting to them. (FLASH had pinned to his fur an extra large SPECIAL POLICE badge.) They were going to get me for impersonating an officer. I took that hat off and explained I could not take the suit off because I was wearing only a bathing suit. They gave me two minutes to get. They had been briefed on the lightning tactics of Gorilla warfare deriving from the diviant subculture."

Flash returned to the Robbin to enlist the support of some sudding cadre. Then after one of them slipped into the suit Flash led a demonstration of about 50 "Gorilla Rights" advocates back to the ave. The Parade wound up from 42 to 45 back to 41st and then again to 42nd. There, unable to find the original counter-revolutionaries, the procession was at last terminated by two other members of those forces. They requested, again in gentle tones, that the procession cease and desist from the singing of THE TEDDY BEARS PICNIC. (cf photo at time of second apprehension) Frequently shouted slogans such as "Gorilla Rights Now." "Some of my best friends are Gorillas" etc., also upset the officers. Thus, the crowd unable to search-out the first of the apprehenders dispersed. There were no signs: the demonstration was spontaneous.



Washington Sen. Warren G. Magnuson finally changed his position on gun controls last week. He joined five other senators in announcing they would support a bill putting strict controls on mail order sales of guns. Magnuson previously had taken the equivocal route of opposition: he didn't show up for a crucial vote on a strong gun control provision in the anti-crime bill. The provision was defeated. Remember, it's an election year for Magnuson—a payoff year for equivocation and sudden changes in position.

If Congress and Johnson carry their power game too far, there may not be any gun control laws for a long, long time. Johnson has the anti crime bill with its provision controlling hand gun sales on his desk. It was passed just after assassination of Robert Kennedy. Otherwise, it wouldn't have passed at all. But Johnson won't sign it unless Congress gives him stronger gun control legislation somehow, somewhere. Congress is moving slowly. The deadline for signing the handgun provision is approaching fast. If Congress doesn't move fast enough and the deadline passes without a signature, the man with the unregistered gun in his hand wins again.

When guns won't do the job, the National Rifle Association uses letters. Its 900,000 members have been told to write letters protesting stricter gun controls. The letters will go to members of Congress. The cat who directs the NRA's propaganda campaigns is Carl Hess, who used to write Goldwater's campaign speeches and far right venom for the American Mercury.

GERMAN BORDER PATROL COMES ON AN ACROBATIC GERMAN COUPLE IN THE EVERGREEN FORESTS CLOSE TO THE AUSTRIAN BORDER

GUN

As far as stricter gun controls go, Seattle might just as well be in Idaho, one of the nation's gun-happiest states. Although people in almost every other city have been voluntarily giving up their guns and turning them in for destruction, nobody in Seattle has had the idea.

France has been in a state of revolution since April, but so far only two people have been killed. The French Revolution, 1968, is not especially impressed with guns. In Britain, where it's almost impossible to obtain a gun and the cops don't wear them, the annual death rate for gunshot is about 50. In the U.S., it's in the thousands.

In Houston, Texas, if you stop at a tavern and you're not carrying a gun, you may get shot for being strange enough to be without a weapon.

In gun-happy Houston, Texas, police thought they had a sniper cornered one night in a huge oil company complex.

Newspapers and wire services reported the sniper fired at anything which moved. So did the police. But police bullets kept hitting dirt, water and who knows what else? The sniper just kept on firing.

One deputy sheriff said he'd been hit by the sniper.

Finally, after firing all night and fouling up the area with tear gas, the cops finally uncovered their sniper. It turned out to be a short circuit in a wiring system.

As LNS said, "An electrical monster hoodwinked the law and news media as police chased a non-existent sniper by land, sea and armored truck."

BANG



STOP AND SEARCH

The first newsbreaks on the Supreme Court stop-and-search cases sounded as if the police had finally been given the tactical weapon they needed to match the heavy artillery they have already. The local papers carried editorial hoopla complimenting the Court on its long-overdue change of heart toward the police. Libertarian blood ran cold.

We should have known the Court and the P-I better. There follows short synapses of the cases.

TERRY VS OHIO

One autumn afternoon, Detective Martin McFadden, patrolling in plainclothes in downtown Cleveland, Ohio, watched Terry and another man for a period of 20 minutes, taking turns strolling up to a store window, looking in, walking a few feet farther, coming back and stopping again at the window, and returning to his starting point. After each circuit the two men held a short conference. After twelve or so trips they were joined by a third man. "By this time," says Justice Warren, "McFadden had become thoroughly suspicious." He approached the man, identified himself, asked their names. When he got no reply, McFadden grabbed Terry, held him between himself and the other suspect and patted his coat, under which he felt a gun. Terry and another man were charged with carrying concealed weapons.

The Supreme Court allowed this search as reasonable.

SIBRON VS NEW YORK

Brooklyn Patrolman Anthony Martin watched Sibron standing on the street from four in the afternoon until midnight. During that period Sibron was seen to talk with "six or eight known heroin addicts." At midnight Sibron went into a restaurant where he spoke to three more known addicts. At no time did Martin see anything change hands. The policeman approached Sibron, told him to come outside, and said "you know what I'm after." When Sibron stuck his hand into his pocket, the officer put his hand in too and pulled out several envelopes of heroin. The Supreme Court threw out this search as unjustifiable.

PETERS VS NEW YORK

Officer Samuel Lasky of the New York P.D. had just finished taking a shower and was drying himself when he heard a noise at his door. Looking through the peephole in his door he saw two men tip-toeing out of the alcove towards the stairs. Lasky did not recognize either of the men as tenants of the building. Lasky called the police, put on a pair of pants, and went out into the hall, slamming the door. The men began to run down the stairs. Lasky caught one (Peters) who claimed to be visiting a girl friend. He would not give her name on the grounds that she was married. Lasky patted him down, found a lumpy object, withdrew it from Peters' coat and found it to be a plastic envelope containing burglar tools. The Supreme Court decided that this was reasonable search and upheld the conviction.

CONCLUSIONS

Too soon for the lawyers to have gone over the opinions in fine detail, but the cheers of the P-I may have been premature. The Court seems determined to make the limitations on stop-and-search at least as strict as those on arrest. Some quotes:

"The police officer is not entitled to seize and search every person whom he sees.... Before he places a hand on the person of a citizen in search of anything, he must have constitutionally adequate reasonable grounds."

"The search for weapons approved in Terry consisted solely of a limited patting of the outer clothing of the suspect for...objects of assault.... The search (in Peters) was not reasonably limited in scope to the accomplishment of the only goal which might conceivably have justified its inception—the protection of the officer by disarming a potentially dangerous man."

More professional comment and advice for the harassed in future issues.

LATE BURIAL

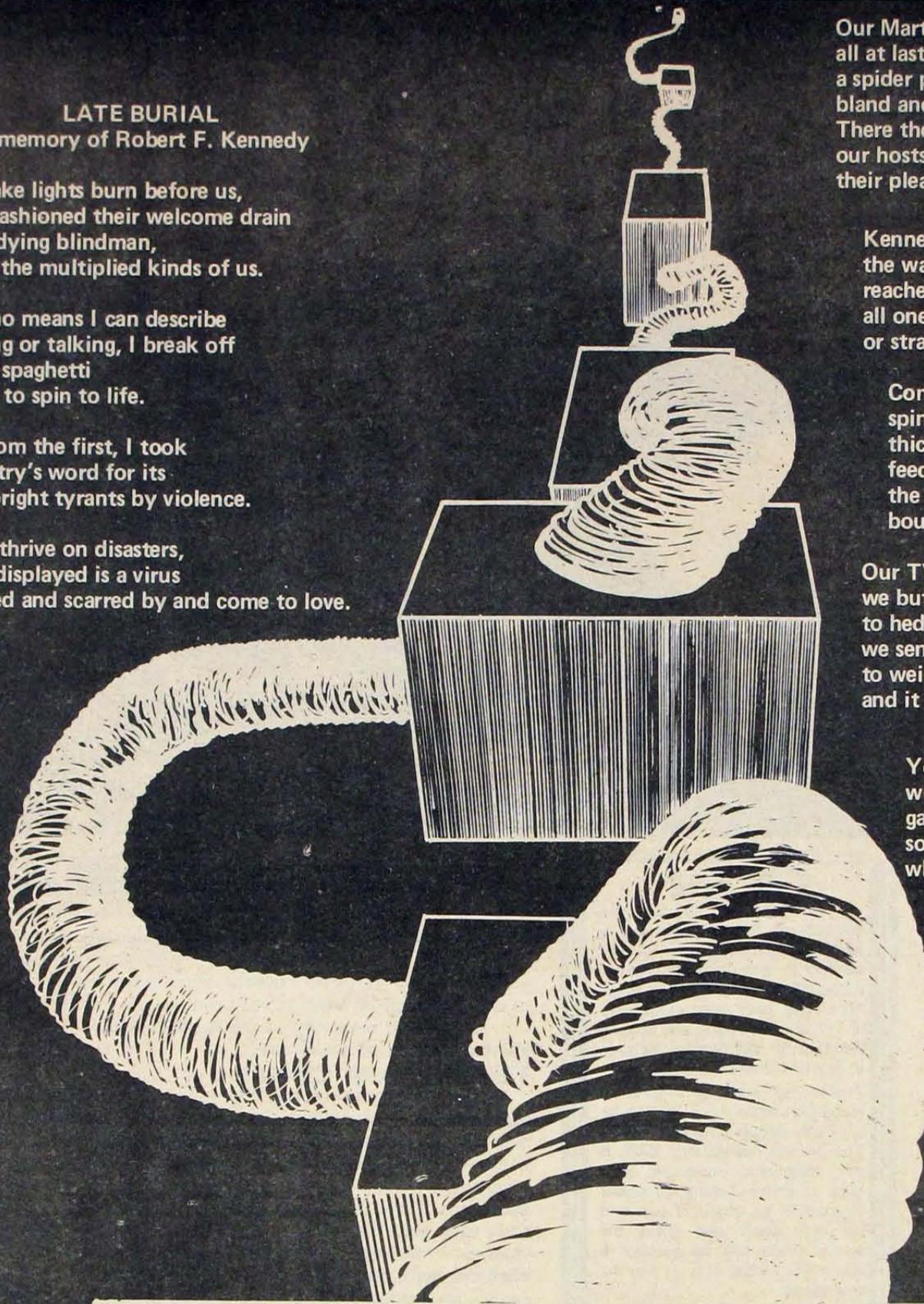
In memory of Robert F. Kennedy

We cannot make lights burn before us,
though once fashioned their welcome drain
steadies each dying blindman,
outlasts again the multiplied kinds of us.

Religious by no means I can describe
I stop whistling or talking, I break off
sentences like spaghetti
you tear open to spin to life.

Reasonable from the first, I took
this fool country's word for its
right to trim bright tyrants by violence.

A public may thrive on disasters,
as it is, death displayed is a virus
we are anointed and scarred by and come to love.



ON THE AIR

As in old marches
they walked behind and before him,
early beginning, late at fires finishing.

Even fifty thousand
lives afoot are intangible,
bleed by the single hime viewer.

Men duck the camera
they're moved by, stare
or plow crooked, headsdown in anger.

Black looks spread
where the street undulates,
a certain rank traffic falters.

King is a dry measure,
a cart on an open cart
scared Huntley misnames a caisson,

Munitions wagon
that blew last at
our youngest President.

Black power, the mules
faster than horses at a walk
surprise me by perfection, a trick

that like weather
must work. They weren't on hand,
came overland in a fragrant truck.

I crane with cameramen
after news, combing white
flecks here and there for the one

Our Martyr—our land's highest office,
all at last understand him,
a spider passed through the fire
blond and legless he lies.
There the triggermen in the open
our hosts blend perfectly in, it's been
their pleasure, our least command.

Kennedy, Malcolm X, Rockwell, King, Kennedy—the wave is endless, for good reaches, slaps out the right and wrong, all one man's life would punish or strain against, or cleanse, or just refine.

Come hell come nothingness
spin some good out in me—
thicket inviting nets
feed tall spiders, bless
the seed fathers spent on you
bound in this hour, fruitless.

Our TV projects them, possibilities
we but measure and lay down end to end
to hedge in our vast knoll of earth;
we send six men, shoulders and backs
to weigh the burnt offering,
and it so happens a boy who resembles him.

You honor guards face front forever:
widows turn and light vows,
gather the candles, you murderers—
sons we swear will lie before fathers
who must name you, and never look away.

the President meant
to represent him. Abernathy
calls dignitaries in rare confusion

to the platform
by name. Then I understand,
Humphrey is missing, he was the Man.

At the spiritual singing
I cut the sound, change channels,
turn the set off and just write.

Public address
singled King out before death,
sent him blind bullseyes of happiness.

Late I naturally watch
the nation rioting, answer
the blues answer, you got a right to choose.

ANALYSIS:

Editor's Note: On Thursday, June 6, the House gave final approval and sent to the President for his signature or veto, the Omnibus Crime Bill of 1968, the effects of which may be on us for years.

Now a person can sit on his chair in his home and say, "I sure am enjoying this grass!" and be sent to federal prison for five years based on that statement—when and if the President signs the 109-page Omnibus Crime Bill. A local cop might have bugged the pot smoker's house, on the rip of a member of a new style police private vigilante group which the new bill also provides for and would finance.

No longer would the police be required to warn of one's right to be silent or his right to counsel—if a person isn't under arrest or being questioned, they could have the hell beat out of him to get a confession.

The new National Law Enforcement Institute could—Institute for Defense Analysis-like—contract with Universities for major crime-prevention research. Police investigation techniques are slated to become a big item for the nation's institutions of higher learning. New Programs are provided for the public schools to encourage cooperation with the police—all financed with federal money.

The American police-state has now arrived!

The legalization of both bugging and wiretapping by all law enforcement officials is now a fact of life—the local cop, sheriff and highway patrolman, as well as the FBI and the CIA, are now in on the act. And they can do it on suspicion of almost any crime—you name it. In its lazy fashion, the establishment press has only cried out against "Title II", the part of the new bill that overturns the recent Supreme Court decisions concerning such matters as advising of right to counsel and right to be silent. However, while "Title II" was knocking out these peripheral "rights" dear to the heart of American liberalism, the Congress was gutting the right to privacy itself in the other parts of the new law.

In complex and inter-drafted legislation that is a lawyer's nightmare, the Congress has put together a monstrosity that will take years to reach the Supreme Court for review of its provisions: Meanwhile the fuzz will be enforcing their dream-baby with a real vengeance. And, with Congress now acting directly in the area of criminal procedure, can the Court strike down the new law with the ease that it has dealt with oppressive substantive legislation in the past?

by Bill Higgs

1. A general system of grants is made available to the states under the direction of a central Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) in Washington. \$100 million is made available for expenditure by June 30, 1968, and a like sum for the following fiscal year. \$300 million is provided for the following fiscal year. The grants go to state, regional, and local law enforcement agencies for various purposes, including research, administration, planning, training, personnel and the purchase of weapons. Up to \$50 million is immediately available for the organization of vigilante units to supplement local police forces. (Sec. 301 (b) (7)).

A National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice is established for training, research, dissemination of information, planning and recommending to the various law enforcement agencies. (Sec. 402 (a)) The Institute is authorized to make grants to and contract with colleges and universities to do research, demonstrations and special projects; programs of behavioral research are specifically mentioned (Sections 402 (b) (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 7) and 402 (b) (3)). Moreover, the LEAA is empowered to finance through contracts with colleges and universities undergraduate and graduate program training of present local and state law enforcement personnel (up to \$1,800 per person per year) in law enforcement techniques (Sec. 406 (b)). The LEAA is authorized to appoint private (or public) committees to "advise" it all over the country (Sec. 517). Special emphasis is put on "riots and other civil disorders", as well as on organized crime (Sec. 307 (a)).

Grants for the financing of public school programs are provided "to improve public understanding of and cooperation with law enforcement agencies" (Sec. 301 (b) (3)).

Racial discrimination in the selection of personnel of all law enforcement agencies is specifically allowed (Sec. 518 (b)).

2. The Supreme Court's procedural safeguards preventing the use of confessions obtained under conditions evidencing police intimidation (such as excessive detention prior to arraignment before a magistrate, failure to warn of right to counsel or right to remain silent, and failure to supply with counsel) are legislatively overturned as to all cases in federal courts. The "voluntariness" of the confession is made the sole question to be decided. Moreover, if the confession is obtained by means other than interrogation or when the person is not technically arrested, then it may be used in court anyway (Sec. 701 (a)). The Supreme Court's limitations on the use of eyewitness testimony growing out of staged police lineups were also overturned (Sec. 701 (a)).

These provisions apparently constitute an open invitation to the police to use virtually any means possible to obtain a desired confession, since the loopholes are big enough to drive a truck through. Moreover, the fact that some of them may be declared unconstitutional two or three years from now by the Supreme Court means also that they will be fully used until that time (if ever it comes).



OMNIBUS CRIME BILL

(H.R. - 5037)

3. As if the foregoing provisions were not sufficient to effect the shift to an American police state, the wiretapping and bugging parts of the bill were added to complete the picture.

First of all, any telephone instrument or equipment used by "an investigative or law enforcement officer in the ordinary course of his duties" is totally exempt from any coverage of the bill by definition (Sec. 802 (2510 (4) and (5 (a) (ii))). This provision means that, at the outset, the police don't even have to use the huge loopholes that will be described in the following paragraphs:

The phone company can use wiretapping almost without restriction for its own internal purposes (whatever those may be) (Sec. 2511 (2)(a)). The President can authorize the tapping or bugging under almost any circumstances even only vaguely related to the national security, including those involving "the overthrow of the government by force or other unlawful means, or . . . other clear and present danger to the structure or existence of the government." (Sec. 2511 (3))

It should be strongly emphasized that, unlike present law, all of the information obtained by the bugging or tapping can now be used in court to convict (Sec. 2517 (3)).

The above paragraph cannot be emphasized too strongly.

Not only the use or making of a bugging or wiretapping device is now made a crime, but is also a violation to even possess one (five years and/or \$10,000) (Sec. 2512), unless you're a law enforcement officer or under contract with one. Moreover, Sec. 2513 provides for the confiscation of any such devices and for the paying of informers from federal funds. The Attorney General is also authorized to offer immunity from prosecution in order to force the witness to give incriminating testimony in court (Sec. 2514).

Even the elaborate, showy procedural facade for obtaining a bugging or wiretap authorization from a court (federal or state) is a joke. The proceedings are, of course, secret; they may be taken even after the surveillance has already begun; and it may be continued indefinitely, even though there is a technical requirement of a monthly renewal by the court. Virtually any law enforcement official, federal, state or local, may apply. Surveillance is authorized in regard to most federal crimes specifically including drugs such as marihuana and violation of the new anti-riot laws (violations of the criminal anti-trust laws are, of course, omitted).

Electronic surveillance of all state crimes "dangerous to life, limb, or property" punishable by one year or more is authorized. Information obtained may be used for virtually any purpose even though the bugging is initiated for one purpose and uncovers other things constituting crimes (except the judge's permission (!) in the latter case is needed before it can be used in court). The police. The police can shop around to find any judge that will allow them to bug or tap, and, should they be turned down, they can take a secret appeal to higher courts—procedure heretofore unheard of in American law. Even though the words of the statute state that the persons under surveillance must eventually be informed of the fact, by its own terms the law allows this to be indefinitely postponed. (Secs. 2516-19)

4. The "firearms control" provisions are generally ineffective to prevent the weapons traffic, particularly in rifles and shotguns; yet, the new law contains sufficient tricky provisions to trap almost anyone that the authorities wish to get. Controls on major weapons (bazookas, machine guns, etc.) are strong, are fairly weak on other weapons, such as pistols, and are virtually nonexistent on rifles and shotguns. The Secretary of the Treasury administers the law. In essence, any transporting of a firearm (other than a rifle or a shotgun) over state lines or any disposition of the firearm thereafter or any transfer between residents of different states will probably result in violation of the new law; the penalty is five years and/or \$5,000. Dealers are subject to rigid penalties for failure to comply with the provisions, including registration of all sales and prohibition against selling to anyone under 21 or to anyone indicted or convicted of any crime involving a penalty greater than one year (except for violation of the criminal anti-trust laws). Major weapons can only be purchased upon the O.K. of the chief law enforcement officer of the locality (therefore, only by the "minutemen" types?). Law enforcement officers are exempt from the new law; even private guards are exempt from many of them. (Sects. 901-907)

The new law also makes it a crime, carrying two years and/or \$10,000, for 1) convicts (crimes carrying sentence of one year or more), 2) those discharged under other than honorable conditions, 3) mental incompetents, 4) aliens illegally in the U.S., and 5) those who have renounced their U.S. citizenship—to receive or possess any firearm. (Sec. 1201)

5. The Anti-Riot Act (otherwise known as the Civil Rights Act of 1968) is amended to disqualify from federal employment (for five years) anyone convicted of any participation in a riot or civil disorder when the crime constitutes a felony. (Sec. 1001)

6. The tone of the entire bill is best set by quoting an exquisite bit of neo-Mississippi—the final section of the new law, which applies only to the 65% black District of Columbia—perhaps Congress' gift to the Poor Peoples' Campaign:

SEC. 1502. Whoever threatens within the District of Columbia . . . to injure the person of another or physically damage the property of any person or of another person, in whole or in part, shall be fined not more than \$5,000 or imprisoned not more than twenty years, or both.

Finally, even if the provisions are completely violated by the police from top to bottom, the remedy available to the citizen is a civil case for "damages." But then the law provides that even a "good faith" reliance on the new law is a "complete defense" to any "civil or criminal action" against a law enforcement officer. (Sec. 2520) (How the police could be subject to a criminal action in the first place and under what authority is unclear to say the least.)

(Ed. note: Bill Higgs is a radical attorney, residing in Washington.)

RADIO STATION KRAB:

A STUDY IN OMPHALO-SKEPSIS

(Since mid-March, when I left forever the warm vagina of broadcasting, I have been asked repeatedly by as many as three people to describe my reaction to the apparent changes taking place at Radio Station KRAB, which I managed for almost six years. I feel particularly qualified to add my comments to those of the subscribers and listeners to the station, since the events of the past two months are the direct result of my necessary resignation. As well, I have been asked to comment more than once, and possibly twice, on the self-propagated rumor of my imminent departure from The Duwumps to the cold comforts of Needles, California.

In such spare time as I have had recently, what with picking hangnails and looking for facial blackheads, I have put together what I think is an equitable answer to both these questions. As to my protracted departure, it is easy to say in a word: I would as soon give up Seattle than leprosy. As for the other question about the new sound and structure of KRAB, I felt a more lengthy reply would be necessary. Today, with the sun so sharp, the heat rising like thoughts from the dark boards of the house-boat dock, I found that my ideas flow through the typewriter as richly as the Cloaca Maxima. It is entirely possible that you may call this essay a cruel and petty criticism of the present management of the station; but—please be assured—that with my intimate knowledge of that particular broadcast operation, I feel my words are not only just, but deserving of immediate action by the management and listeners.)

First of all, I must try to take you to the confluence of the universe, to that place—not too far from here—where the thin blue-white blood-red line lying between two diffuse Nebulae (known to the mythic star-gazers at Mount Wilson as Aeries 244 and Microbeta 999) from which there is the slight billion light-year-per-second seepage of hydrogen gas; creeping in through the slit in the fat side of the universe, turning thick and greasy grey (morning in a lower University Way apartment through streak-and-yellow-fray shades), sick color

from distance which cannot be more than a squillion miles which in our terms is about the eye-blink of the giant grey rat of space who watches over all of us.

At this juncture, the universe shows the fog-fine points of all spread before our lidless eye. Let me convince you that you and I are there: we are married to the single eye-ball, with the radii of 36 dark irises, 36 pupils ringed with the halo-green blue which, in that vapid far-off atmosphere, glows slightly as if it were dropping light from so many stars up there (there is no up,

down there (there is no down), around there (there is no round). We are the reflecting bee-eye, suspended where there is no light except darkness, and no darkness except the honey-comb: four tetra-acres of pointed light which suspends us there.

In what you will call space, there is a sage transmission of thought of two presences for which you will, surely, demand the word "love". When you do that, you will be admitting that the word "presence" will tell you only what is not there. Our eyes are trapped by the sand at the edge of the sea, which grains are separating the two wise old men-fools of infinity of which I am now reporting to you, along with their communication as leaned pieces of galaxies, with two or more spiral arms arcing out of different places (the "whip" when the arc-light is first lit, sticks out yellowly, then shrinks to the hard-blue thundering); the different dark planes perhaps cross at this point, but then again—perhaps not. Please remember, love: I cannot tell you everything about your eye-my eye juncuted at the edge of the Klein bottle sea. All I can say is that a groan, a simple groan in the form of two billion years of restlessness, was indeed registered at the meeting.

A groan, a real groan—which if you had a convenient infraspectrometer—could be seen as the gross, fat red giant between us turning (only for an instant) a gnat's

ass-hair blue. Perhaps it was only 3 units of steel-dark-blue out of 1,000,000,000 units of red. But it was enough if you were looking, for Christ's sake, like I just goddamned told you to.

In any event, the communication between the hurricanes of not-moving-time might be singularly boring to you as—I suppose—you still say the puff-&-wheeze of work leading up to the fabled Orgasm bores you; but I claim that even though the communication took some 12 humptulips of age-warp to be accomplished, it was still a darned good story. If you can stand two Methusala children spark-gapping for some billion years. I admit that I yawned a bit, and the molten iron of my furnace mind leaked two red pulsing tears out of each parallax duct, which soon enough turned brilliantine helium coursing down the black arcs of space.

I suppose that I should be a good reporter—tell you that the confluence of universal strawberries and fleas took me all the way to the edge of the sweet aque called time so that I was looking over into a valley of spiders (fat-black-shiny black pulse bodies, turning lines of turquoise out of the root-ends) and thinking it was no better that the Moebius Strip which is enough to present only one side to the mendicants of the mind, the mindless students of Topology who insist upon coming to the strip shores to worship a single (and

dull) face. There is no chronology.

But stop and see for a minute (you still are eye) the blue dwarf who is the omphalos of all this—see the pulse-dark blue dwarf spread a thin ice across the kitchen floor of the Pleiades, collecting in the mind a single do-demi-second of frozen light which also, ALSO you have caught: you and your broken eye of plenty. Rolling a bit, on the red-white sea floor, rolling just a bit, just a ion tick between argon, and fluorine.

Let me finish: because this dialogue of spermatozoa wisps of you and I continues around the race-track mind for say, 28 billion-foot-pounds of revolution, and I am done with the understanding of molten reason. So let me explain finally what happened: when the crooked arms of hydrogen turned around themselves, and presented us with love, or what the Rothschilds always called "Liebe". Or was it "Leiber"?

Because you see what

happened was that the white-hot legs became engorged with each other, and there at the center of resistance (oh, oh, that sweet, that sweeeeet oh-ho Ova rag, . . . !") where the dark was fattest, hottest wildest, the sweet finger of passion, the ice-cream cluster-comet, one juicy member of one isolated pulsar, ripping (whip sparks) through the dark, red-hot tumescent flesh, turning sick foils of infinite purple folds near the last edges of the constellations which grew up aching lips of the Sea of Tranquility, disrupting it into Black shrieks of plenty—the capsulated crown of firing white jerks against the corner Absolute Zero where the Finger off Everything, the Pit Called All-Is-Lost raced bursts past the aching white nodules, a cacaphony of every Blue Dwarf mixed in the Milk-of-All-Ways which Universe started to Collapse on Itself, came the fine flow through a scintillion pores, the broken sores, the Ark of one final whisper.

The footprint. The child's single footprint. On the sand, the sea's-edge yellow sand. And there is a last pour forth, one more wave. There must be one more, before nothing. One single whisper reaching upwards, clambering down blue-green walls, foam spent decorating a dying passage, a reach forward, way forward, bubbling forward past broken shells called memory, past the last cold edge, up to race, eaten, quiet and die: but not before a lip of moisture tumbles over the fine indentation of heel-sole-five-zeros to turn the pattern dark, to cumble one of the edges of the Man Mountain Mare Nostrum to nothing, to pause, no to stop, no to end broken on this child's frozen moving patch, back to what we know of the universe.

HUGH MASEKELA



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DESIRE & NEED

MARAT-SADE

MURRAY BOOKCHIN

MOST OF THE ARTICLES THAT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN thus far about the Marat-Sade play have been drible— and the tritest remarks have come from its author, Peter Weiss. A good idea can slip from the hands of its creator and follow its own dialectic. This kept happening with Balzac, so there is no reason why it shouldn't happen with Weiss.

The play is mainly a dialogue between Desire and Need, a dialogue set up under conditions where history froze them into antipodes and violently opposed them in the Great Revolution of 1789. In those days, Desire clashed with Need: the one as aristocratic, the other as plebeian; the one as the pleasures of the individual, the other as the agony of the masses; the one as the satisfaction of the particular, the other as the want of the general; the one as private reaction, the other as social revolution. In our day, Marat and Sade have not been rediscovered; they have been reinterpreted. The dialogue goes on, but now on a different level of possibility and toward a final resolution of the problem: It is an old dialogue, but in a new context.

In Weiss's play, the context is an asylum. The dialogue can only be pursued by madmen among madmen. Sane men would have resolved the issues raised by the dialogue years ago. They would have resolved in practice. But we talk about them endlessly and we reframe them through a thousand mystical prisms. Why? Because we are insane; we have been turned into pathological cases. Weiss, on this score, is only just: he places the dialogue where it belongs, in an asylum, where it is policed by guards, nuns, and an administrator. We are insane not only because of what we have done, but also because of what we haven't done. We "tolerate" too much. We tremble and cower with "tolerance".

How then are we to act? How, following the credo imputed to Marat, are we to pull ourselves up by the hair, turn ourselves inside out and see the world with fresh eyes? "Weiss refuses to tell us," says Peter Brooks in an introduction to the script and he trails off into talk about facing contradictions. But this doesn't carry any conviction. The dialogue, launched by its literary creator and by its stage director, has its own inner movement, its own dialectic. At Corday's third visit, Sade lasciviously displays her before Marat and asks: "... what's the point of a revolution without general copulation?" Sade's words are taken up by the mimes and then by all the "lunatics" in the play. Even Brooks cannot leave the answer alone. The ending of the play, equivocal in the script version, turns into a riotous bacchanal in the movie version. The "lunatics" overpower the guards, nuns, visitors, and administrator; they grab all the women on stage and everybody fucks like mad. The answer begins to emerge almost instinctively: the revolution that seeks to annul Need must enthroned Desire for everybody. Desire must become Need!

DESIRE AND NEED POLARIZED

Need—the need to survive, to secure the bare means of existence—could never have produced a public credo of Desire. It could have produced a religious credo of renunciation, to be sure, or a republican credo of virtue, but not a public credo of sensuousness and sensibility. The enthronement of Desire as Need, of pleasure principle as reality principle, is nourished as a *public* issue by the productivity of modern industry and by the possibility of a society without toil. Even the widely touted recoil of the Flower Generation from the verities of consumption, drudgery, and suburbia has its origin in the irrationalities of modern affluence. Without the affluence, no recoil. To state the matter bluntly: the revolutionary growth of modern technology has brought into question every historical precept that promoted renunciation, denial, and toil. It vitiates every concept of Desire as a privileged, aristocratic domain of life.

This technology creates a new dimension of Desire, one that completely transcends the notions of Sade, or for that matter, of the French symbolists, from whom we still derive our credos of sensibility. Sade's Unique One, Baudelaire's Dandy, Rimbaud's Visionary, each is an isolated ego, a rare individual, who takes flight from the mediocrity and unreality of bourgeois life into a hallucinated reverie. In spite of its high, anti-bourgeois spirit of negation, this ego remains distinctly privileged. Baudelaire, one of the most unequivocal of the symbolist writers, expresses its aristocratic nature with bluntness in his notion of Dandyism. The Dandy, the man of true sensibility, he tells us, enjoys leisure and is untroubled by need. This leisure is defined by the opposition of the Dandy to the crowd, of the particular to the general. It is anchored in the very social conditions that breed Marats and the Enrages of 1793—the world of need. Dandyism, to be sure, asserts itself against the existing elites, but not against elitism; against the prevailing privileges, but not against privilege. "Dandyism flourishes especially in periods of transition," Baudelaire writes with acuity, "when democracy is not yet all-powerful and the aristocracy is just beginning to totter and decay. Amidst the turmoil of these times, a small group of men, *declasses*, at loose-ends, fed-up—but all of them rich in determination—will conceive the idea of founding a new sort of aristocracy, stronger than the old, for it shall be based on only the most precious, the most indestructible factors, on those heaven-sent gifts that neither money nor ambition can confer." The truth, however, is that its gifts are not Heaven-sent. This aesthetic elite floats on the surface of the social war, a richly ornamented debris that presupposes, objectively, the very aristocracy and bourgeoisie it rejects in spirit.

What, then, of the revolutionary movement—the movement that seeks to reach below the surface of the social war to its very depths? Characteristically, this movement almost completely dispenses with a credo of sensuousness. Marxism offers itself to the proletariat as a harsh, sobering doctrine, oriented toward the labour process, political activity, and the conquest of state power. To sever all the ties between poetry and revolution, it calls its socialism scientific and casts its goals in the hard prose of economic theory. Where the French symbolists form a concrete image of man, defined by the specifics of play, sex, and sensuousness, the two great exiles in England form an abstract image of man, defined by the universals of class, commodity, and property. The whole man—concrete and abstract, sensuous and rational, personal and social—never finds an adequate representation in either credo. This is tragedy in the Hegelian sense that both sides are right. In retrospect, it is only generous to add that the social situation of their time is inadequate to the complete fulfillment of man. Ordinarily it admits neither of the liberated personality nor the liberated society; its doors are closed to the free expression of instinct and the unfettered exercise of reason.

But the doors are never solid. There are moments when they, the walls, indeed the entire house is shaken to its foundations by elemental events. In such moments of crisis, when the senses of everyone are strained to extraordinary, almost hysterical acuity by social emergencies, the doors break down and men surge past the hanging portals, no longer as masses, but as awakened personalities. These men cannot be crucified on theoretical formulas. They acquire their reality in revolutionary action. The Paris Commune of 1871 represents precisely such a moment when neither aesthetic nor social theory adequately encompass the overall social situation. The proletarians of the Belleville district in Paris, the men who fight the battles of the barricades and die by the tens of thousands under the guns of the Versaillais, refuse to confine their insurrection to the private world described by symbolist poems or the public world described by Marxian economics. They demand the eating and the moral, the filled belly and the heightened sensibility. The Commune floats on sea of alcohol—for months everyone in the Belleville district is magnificently drunk. Lacking the middle class proprieties of their instructors, the Belleville proletarians turn their insurrection into a festival of public joy, play, and solidarity. Perhaps it is foredoomed that the prose of bourgeois society will eventually digest the songs of the Commune, if not in an orgy of slaughter, then in the day to day retreats and compromises required by work, material scarcity, and social administration. Faced with a bloody conflict and a nearly certain defeat, the proletarians fling life away with the abandon of men who, having tasted of life in the open, can no longer return to the coffins of daily routine, drudgery, and denial. They burn down half of Paris, fighting suicidally to the very last on the heights of their district.

In the Paris Commune of 1871, we have the expression not merely of social interest, but of social libido.¹ It is hard to believe that the repression following the fall of the Commune—the mass shootings, the ruthless trials, the exile of thousands to penal colonies—owes its savagery strictly to *class* vengeance. A review of the memoirs, newspapers, and letters of the time shows that the bourgeois directed his vengeance against his own subterranean humanity. In the spontaneous outbreak of social libido which we call the Paris Commune, the bourgeois saw the breakdown of all the repressive mechanisms that maintain property society. He recoiled with the horror and ferocity of a man who suddenly comes face to face with his own unconscious drives.

THE SELF: MYTH AND REALITY

No one really learned from the proletarians of the Belleville district, with the result that Desire and the revolutionary credo developed away from each other. In separating, both were divested of their human content. The credo of Desire evaporated into a misty subjectivism, far removed from all social concerns; the credo of revolution hardened into a dense objectivism, almost completely absorbed in the techniques of social manipulation. The need to round out the revolutionary credo with Desire, or Desire with the revolutionary credo, remains a pressing, perhaps the most pressing, problem of our times. Serious attempts to achieve this totality were made in the 1920's, when the surrealists and Wilhelm Reich tried to resynthesize Marxism, and essentially to transcend it with a larger conception of the revolutionary project. Although this project did not succeed, it did not fail. All the issues were passed on to us, transformed by new dimensions of thought and by a new sense of immediacy produced by the technological advances of our time.

The obstacles to fulfilling this project have also changed. Years ago, the greatest single obstacle was the revolutionary credo. Marxism and particularly Leninism refocused the revolutionist's attention from social goals to political means, from utopia to strategy and tactics, from the dissolution of power to the seizure of power. Lacking a reasonably clear definition of its human goals, the organized revolutionary movement felt free to use any means at its disposal; its own opportunism quickly demoralized it and led to its dissolution as a vital force.

By far a greater obstacle to the project envisioned by the surrealists and Reich is a crude subjectivism that casts the rediscovery of man in self-discovery, in the journey inward. What is basically wrong with this subjectivism is not its emphasis on the subject, on the concrete individual; indeed, as Kierkegaard has emphasized, we have been overfed with the universals of science, philosophy, and sociology. The tragic error that vitiates modern subjectivism lies in its operating principle that the Self can be divorced from society, subjectivity from objectivity, consciousness from action. Ironically, this inner, isolated Self turns to be the most fictitious of universals, the most treacherous of abstractions, a metaphysical domain in which consciousness, far from expanding, contracts to banalities and trivia. Philosophically, its ultimate state is contact with pure being, a purity of experience and inner repose that adds up to nothing.² Its ultimate state, in short, is the dissolution of Desire into contemplation.



The fact is that the Self is not an inherent "it", a cryptic "soul" covered and obscured by layers of reality. This abstract Self remains an undifferentiated potentiality, a bundle of instinctual drives and individual proclivities at best, until it interacts with the real world. Without dealing with the world it is incapable not only of surviving, it simply cannot be *created* in any human sense. Nietzsche presents this externalized nature of the Self when he declares: "... your true nature lies not concealed deep in you, but immeasurably high above you, or at least what you call your self." Valid introspection turns out to be the conscious appropriation of a Self made and shaped by the world, a judgement of its qualities, and the actions needed to reconstitute it for new ends. This order of Self-consciousness reaches its height in revolutionary action. To revolt, to live revolt, is the complete reconstitution of the individual revolutionary, as far-reaching and as radical as (as the Commune of 1871 shows, even more radical than) the remaking of society. In the process of discarding accumulated experiences, of integrating and re-integrating new experience, a new Self grows out of the old. For this reason it is idiotic to predict the behaviour of people after a revolution by their behaviour before one. The simple fact is that they will not be the same people.

The modern cult of subjectivity exhibits a poverty not only of ends but also of means. If it is true that valid introspection must culminate in action, in a reworking of the Self by experience with the real world, this reworking achieves a sense of direction only insofar as it moves from the *existent* to the *possible* reality, from the *what-is* to the *what-could-be*. Precisely this dialectic is what we mean by psychic growth. Desire itself is the *sensuous* apprehension of possibility, a complete psychic synthesis in the "yearning for..." Without the pain of this dialectic, without the struggle that yields the achievement of the possible, growth and desire are divested of all differentiation and content. The very issues which provide a concept of the possible are never formulated. The real responsibility we face is not to eliminate the psychic pain of growth but rather the psychic suffering of dehumanization, the torment that accompanies the frustrated and aborted life.

The goal of modern subjectivism is stasis, the absence of all pain, the achievement of undisturbed repose. This stasis yields an all-embracing placidity that dissolves anger in love, action in contemplation, wilfulness in passivity. The absence of emotional differentiation means the end of real emotion. Confronted with the goal of insensate stasis, dialectical growth could justly demand any right to emotion—including the right to hate—all the more to reclaim a real state of sensibility, including the ability to love selectively. In the Orient, the miserable stasis hypostasized by the cult of subjectivism is attained, at least, by discipline, often by extreme psychic pain. The Western subjectivist, however, must have it both ways, a painless road to stasis, a short-cut to pure experience. In an age that describes its therapeutic agents as "magic bullets", the magical alternative to the discipline of the East is the chemistry of the West. These psychedelic drugs, taken as pattern-shattering means, could provide the distance that is indispensable to self-liberation from conventional "consciousness". But taken as experiential ends, as substitutes for living experience, reason, and the dialectic of ego-formation, they provide no real growth forward but merely "upward"—or downward. The trip, repeated continually for its own sake, degenerates into a mere pursuit of disordered subjectivity, divested of the possibility of interconnected emotional and rational sequela. The drugs are abused to a point where they not only shatter conventional patterns of the mind, but where they invade and distort the very processes of all ego formation. They become devices for mere sensation, for formless states of mind, often as grotesque as they are enjoyable. The apostle for this undifferentiated type of sensation is Marshall MacLuhan, whose fantasies of integral communication consist essentially of kicks and highs. Technique is degraded into ends, the message into the media. In the case of Leary, Desire dissolves into stasis; in the case of MacLuhan, into instrumentalism.

THE DISINTEGRATING SELF

The fact remains, nonetheless, that there can be no meaningful revolutionary credo that fails to include the subject in its point of departure. We have passed beyond a time when the real world can be discussed without taking up in depth the basic problems and needs of the psyche—a psyche that is neither strictly concrete nor strictly universal, but both newly integrated and transcended. The rediscovery of the concrete psyche is the most valid contribution of modern subjectivism and Existentialism, to the revolutionary credo, albeit a psyche that is partial, incomplete, and often tends to become abstracted. In an era of relative affluence when the system, as Marcuse puts it, can "deliver the goods," the revolution acquires intimate, intensely personal qualities. Revolutionary opposition tends to centre primarily around the disintegration in the quality of life, around the anti-life perspectives and methods of bourgeois society.

To put this matter differently, the revolutionist is created and nourished by the breakdown of all the great bourgeois universals: property, parsimony, class, free enterprise, industrial routine, political democracy, monogamy, family, patriarchy, religion, *ad nauseum*. From all of this wreckage, the Self begins to achieve self-consciousness and Desire begins to recover its integrity. When the entire institutional fabric becomes unstable, when everyone lacks a sense of destiny, be it in job or social affiliations, the lumpen periphery of society tends to become its centre and the *declasses* begin to occupy the frontier of social and personal consciousness. It is for this reason that any work of art can be meaningful, today, only if it lumpened.

The lumpen's Self is permeated by negativity, a reflection of the overall social negativity. Its consciousness is satyr-like and its mockery is acquired by its distance from the verities of bourgeois society. But this very mockery constitutes the Self's transcendence over the repressive ideologies of toil and renunciation. The lumpen's acts of disorder become the nuclei of a new order and his spontaneity implies the means by which it can be achieved.

Old Hegel understood this fact beautifully. In a brilliant review of Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew*, he writes: "The mocking laughter at existence, at the confusion of the whole and at itself, is the disintegrated consciousness, aware of itself and expressing itself, and is at the same time the last audible echo of all this confusion. . . . It is the self-disintegrating nature of all relations and their conscious disintegration. . . . In this aspect of the return to self, the vanity of all things is the self's own vanity, or the self is itself vanity . . . but as the indignant consciousness it is aware of its own disintegration and by that knowledge has immediately transcended it. . . . Every part of this world either gets its mind expressed here or is spoken of intellectually and declared for what it is. The honest consciousness (the role that Diderot allots to himself in the dialogue)³ takes each element for a permanent entity and does not realize in its uneducated thoroughness that it is doing just the opposite. But the disintegrated consciousness is the consciousness of reversal and indeed of absolute reversal; its dominating element is the concept, which draws together the thought that to the honest consciousness lie so wide apart; hence the brilliance of its language. Thus the contents of the mind's speech about itself consist in the reversal of all conceptions and realities; the universal deception of oneself and others and the shamelessness of declaring this conception is therefore the greatest truth. . . . To the quiet consciousness (Diderot's role in the dialogue), which in its honest way goes on singing the melody of the True and the Good in even tones, i.e., on one note, this speech appears as 'a farrago of wisdom and madness'"

Hegel's analysis, written more than a century and a half ago, anticipates and contains all the elements of the "absolute refusal" advanced so poignantly at the present time. Today, the spirit of negativity must extend to all areas of life if it is to have any content; it must demand a complete frankness which, in Maurice Blanchot's words, "no longer tolerates complicity". Anything less than complete, unrelenting opposition is assimilable by the established order. To lessen this spirit of negativity is to place the very integrity of the Self in the balance. The established order is totalitarian; it stakes out its sovereignty not only over surface facets of the Self—work, physical environment, formal education, civic duties—but also over its innermost recesses. It demands complicity not only in appearances but also from the most guarded depths of the human spirit. It seeks to mobilize the very dream life of the individual, as witness the proliferation of techniques and art forms for manipulating the unconscious. It tries, in short, to gain command over the Self's sense of possibility, over its capacity for Desire.

DESIRE AND REVOLUTION

Out of the disintegrating consciousness must come the recovery, the reintegration, and the advance of Desire, a new sensuousness based on possibility. If this sense of possibility lacks a humanistic social content, if it remains crudely egotistic, then it will simply follow the logic of the irrational social order and slip into a vicious nihilism. In the long run, the choices confronting the modern bohemian—beat or hip—are not between a socially passive subjectivism and a politically active reformism (the prevailing society, as it moves from crisis to crisis, will eliminate these traditional luxuries), but between the reactionary extremism of the SS man and the revolutionary extremism of the anarchist.

Bluntly, to drop out is to drop in. There is no facet of human life that is not infiltrated by social phenomena and there is no imaginative experience that does not float on the data of social reality. Unless the sense of the *merveilleux*, so earnestly and so correctly fostered by the surrealists, is to culminate in death (a credo advanced with consistency, at least, by Villiers de L'Isle Adam in *Axel's Castle*), scrupulous honesty requires that we acknowledge the social roots of our dreams, our imagination, and our poetry. The real question we face is where we drop in, where we stand in relation to the whole.

By the same token, there is nothing in the prevailing reality that is not polluted by the degeneration of the whole. Until the child is discharged from the diseased womb, liberation must take its point of departure from a diagnosis of the illness, an awareness of the problem, and a striving to be born. Introspection must be corrected by social analysis. Our freedom is anchored in revolutionary consciousness and culminates in revolutionary action.

But revolution can no longer be imprisoned in the realm of Need. It can no longer devolve on the pros of political economy. The task of the Marxian critique is finished and must be forever transcended. The subject has entered the revolutionary project with entirely new demands for experience, for re-integration, for fulfilment, for the *merveilleux*. To rephrase Pierre Reverdy's words: the poet now stands on the ramparts—not only as dreamer, but also as fighter. Stalking through the dream, permeating the surreal experience, stirring the imagination to entirely new evocative heights are the liberatory possibilities of the objective world. For the first time in history, object and subject can be rejoined in the revolutionary affinity group—the anarchic, revolutionary band of brothers. Theory and practice can be re-united in the purposeful revolutionary deed. Thought and intuition can be merged in the new revolutionary vision. Conscious and unconscious can be integrated in the revolutionary revel. Liberation may not be complete—for us, at least—but it can be totalistic, implicating every facet of life and experience. Its fulfilment may be beyond our wildest visions, but we can move toward what we can see and imagine. Our Being is Becoming, not stasis. Our science is Utopia, our reality is Eros, our Desire is Revolution.

¹* Is it any different in other great revolutions? Can we resolve the anarchic, intoxicating phase that opens all the great revolutions of history merely into an expression of class interest and the opportunity to redistribute social wealth?

²* My concern with this philosophical aspect of subjectivism is due not only to the fact that it is advanced by cheap hucksters like Timothy Leary and a salad of Hindu Cagliostros, but by earnest and serious thinkers like Norman O. Brown. Cf. Brown's *Love's Body*.

³* Diderot takes the role of the virtuous man, the petty bourgeois, engaged in a dialogue with Rameau's nephew, a Figaro-like scamp and pimp.

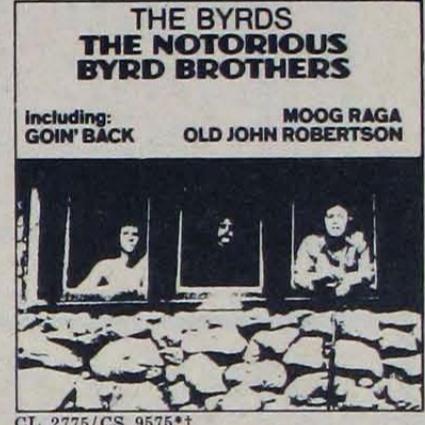
Bookchin: the author of two books under the pseudonym "Lewis Herber" . . . *Our Synthetic Environment*, Knopf, 62. & *Crisis in Our Cities*, Prentice-Hall, 65. ANARCHOS... P.O. box 466, Peter Stuyvesant St. N.Y.

Underground... Overground.

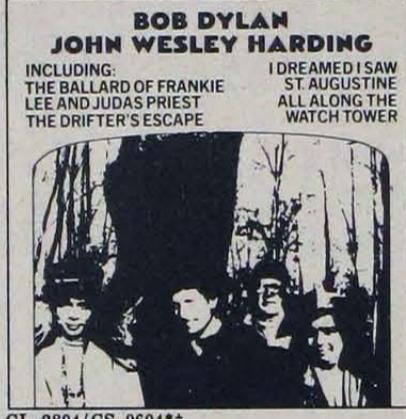
*All that matters
is that
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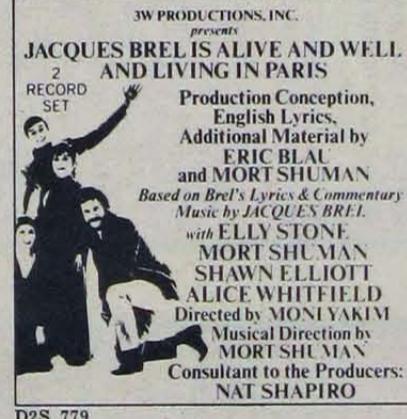
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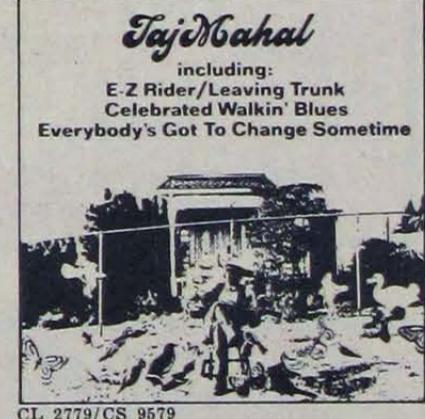
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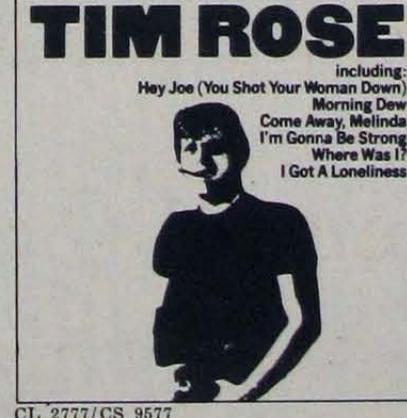
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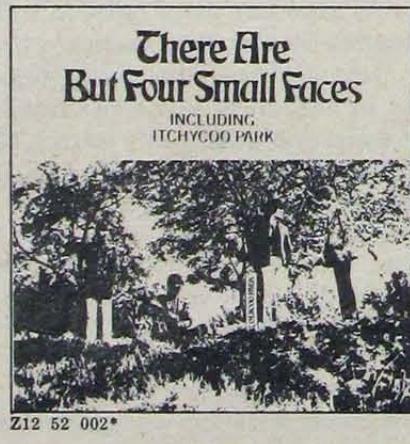
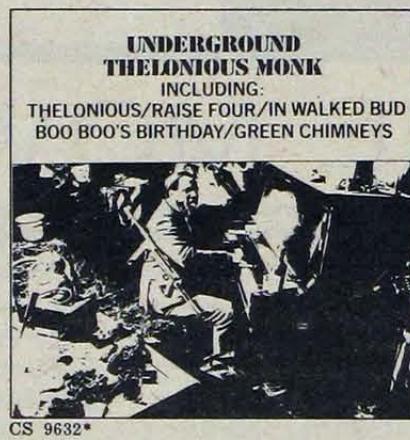
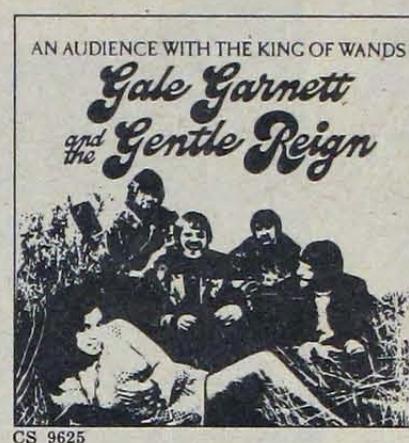
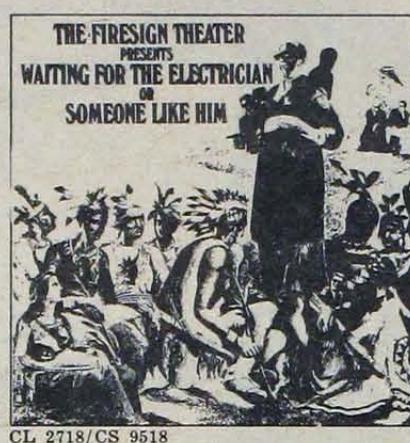
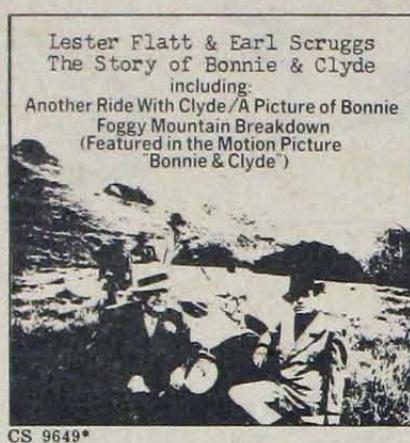
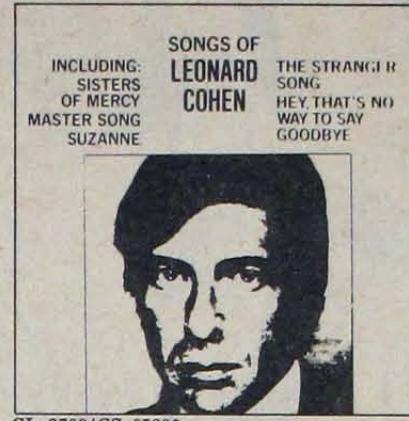
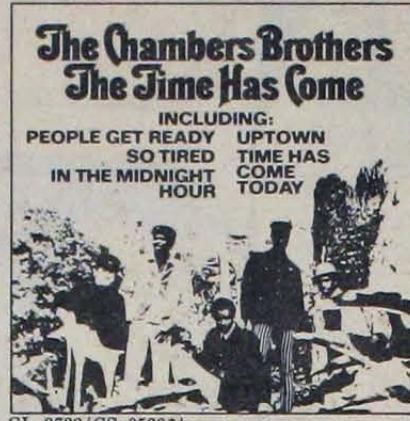
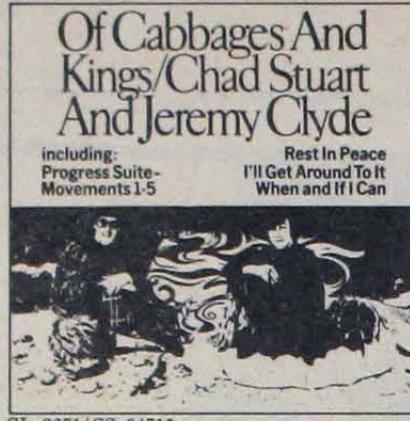


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"MY FAVORITE MOVIE!"

The motion picture and science fiction share a common genesis as expressive forms unique to this century. Both began as curiosities, the side show freaks of literature. Yet, although long disparaged or ignored by the intellectual establishment, the film and science fiction grew to enjoy an immense mass appeal. Laboring under the stigmata of entertainment their popularity has served to eclipse much of their artistry.

Gradually recognition has come to both; at first only to those endeavors which came pre-designated in neon letters: ART, and finally, for example with Bonnie and Clyde, to major productions attracting large audiences. Similarly, science fiction has moved away from the subordinate position of a stylistic "vehicle" for traditional modes of thought such as the social criticism of Wells or the gadget--melodrama of Hugo Gernsback, towards full status as an independent genre of literary art with its own rules and dynamics.

Science fiction has merged with cinema innumerable times however to produce films consistently mediocre. Combining toy rockets dangling from wires with imperiled heroines dangling from cliffs, the science fiction movie with few exceptions has remained hopelessly entangled in visual and literary clichés.

In the context of the "state of the art" of science fiction, of cinema, and of science fiction cinema, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY is a revolution.

Stanley Kubrick, Arthur C. Clarke, a handful of virtually unknown actors and a production crew of barely 100 people took 4 years and \$10,000,000 to create 2 hours and 40 minutes of an experience unprecedented in cinematic art.

The story line itself is a synthesis of themes from Arthur C. Clarke's two major novels, Earthlight and particularly Childhood's End. Clarke's philosophy is basically trans-

cendental and his favorite vehicle is the evolution of human intelligence, not as an isolated phenomena but integrated with the larger drama of the unity of all intelligence in the Universe.

The presence of extraterrestrial intelligence constantly reappears through out the film in the form of a black, starkly geometrical monolith. With each appearance it catalyzes and directs human evolution, an inevitable and irresistible agency of a guiding force. It initiates and finally terminates the human species.

It is no accident that the music used to reinforce the films development and particularly to denote the most significant scenes is Richard Strauss' Also Sprach Zarathustra. The film parallels much of the thought in Nietzsche's opus and even goes so far as to accompany those scenes involving exclusively the works and nature of contemporary man with waltzes.

The context is indivisible from the style of the film. The story line is carried by the visual images not by dialogue, of which there is barely 35 minutes, and further, the story is the images themselves.

And those images are indescribably beautiful and powerful. Kubrick spent those four years and \$10 million making them; they are the heart and soul of the picture. In arranging these meticulously conceived images Kubrick constantly relies on contrast. Against the scope and majesty of space he contrasts that other kind of beauty contained in machinery and against the unfolding drama of the Evolution of Intelligence he juxtaposes the lesser, almost petty drama of the human characters.

Apart from the brilliance of the photography and effects which Kubrick supervised, the film bears his satirical stamp. The society of 2001 AD which we glimpse is characterized by the tyranny of consumer corporations. One cannot turn without seeing a brand name. As

to the government it is still busily protecting the people from the truth--in their best interests--and still demanding loyalty oaths. Kubrick has nothing nice to say about America 33 years from now and probably delights in the fact that as the film progresses the works of man become irrelevant.

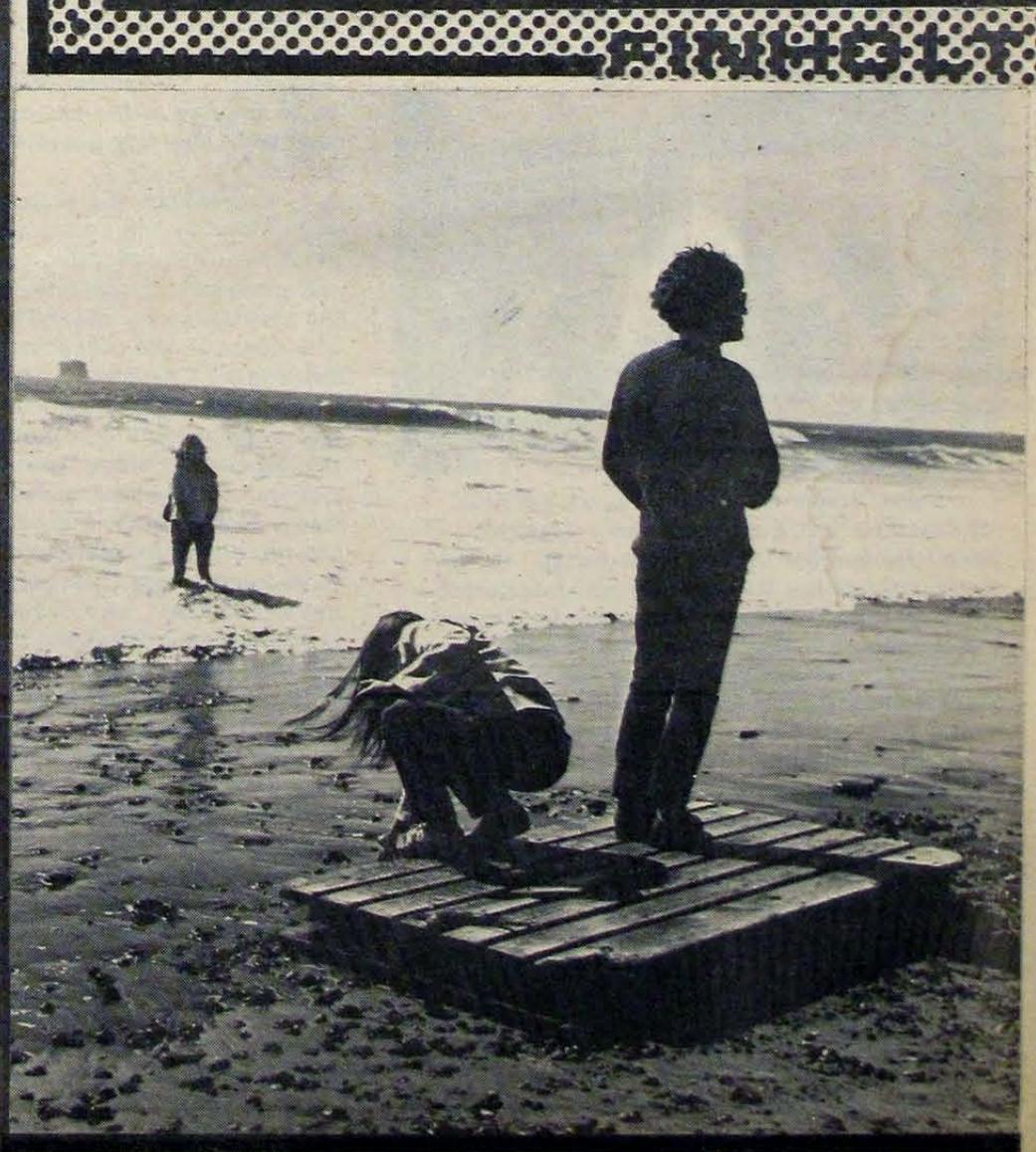
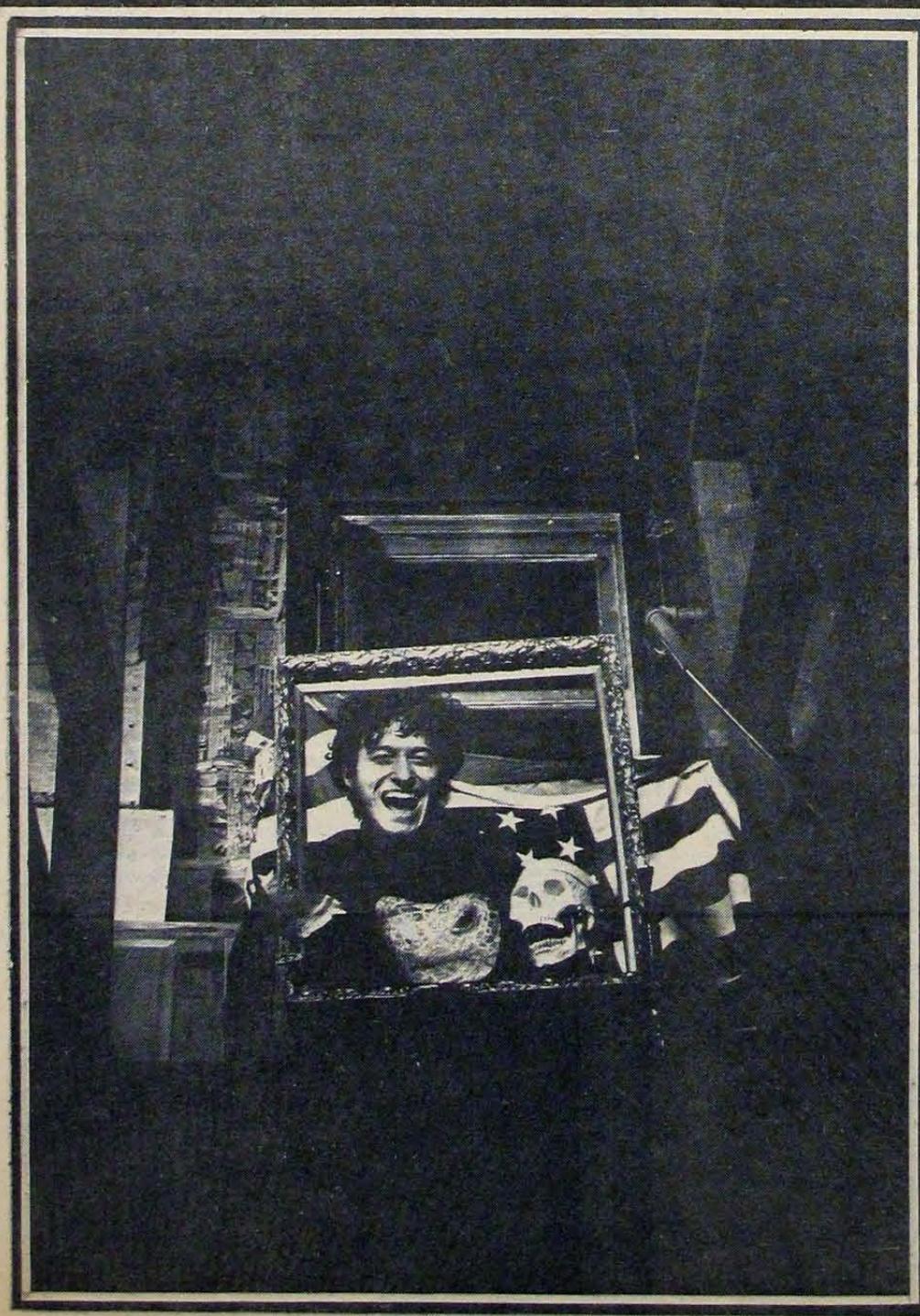
That this film has inspired confusion in most audiences and critics rests on their demand for interpretation, the insistence on dissecting art in search of some mythical logos. Thus they approach Kandinsky with a Norman Rockwell mentality, view films as though they were cartoons and quite simply cannot, in art, see the forest for the trees.

Further, this film demonstrates the growing independence of cinema from literature. Its structure is instead almost symphonic. In this context the controversial scene in the room during the final phase of the film can be viewed as a recapitulation and paraphrase of main body of the film, deviating and then re-integrating into the previous flow of images and carrying it through to its climax. The odyssey of the human species from its encounter with the first monolith which signaled the birth of man to his discovery of the second monolith on the moon which literally signaled the maturation of man and sent him to the final rendezvous on Jupiter is restated with the aging, death and rebirth of the astronaut within the confines of a room decorated in French Provincial. The monolith reappears for the final time in this sequence and its presence provides the link between the death of man and his escape, or better, his transcendence of his own being and rebirth.

The film is an experience of inexpressible beauty and force. It is pure cinema and the odyssey it portrays unfolds within the senses and mind of the viewer.

In it humanity comes of age; with it, cinema finally comes of age. It is a visual orgasm.

WALT CROWLEY



TRIAL BY JURY



JUDGE DORE'S COURT

A slow and ruthless brutality is meted out as justice by our courts. The posture of the court is stiff and formal at the opening of trials--the judge's entrance demands a ritual of personal submission to the power of the court--his robes are black. The court reporter silently transcribes every word for immortality and precedence--the jury searches for masks of impartiality and finding them freeze. That posture quickly loses its lofty starch and slumps in its chair, squirming nonchalantly, shifting in an effort to strike a comfortable yet dignified pose from which to observe a tedious drama with no commercials and the outcome is almost certain before the gavel falls.



THE DEFENDANTS

Five black men were on trial for unlawful assembly at Franklin High School on March 29. Before the trial began, Mary Hay, a clerk in the King County Court House for 18 years, picked the list of prospective jurors. She admits that she does not choose working people, people with large families, policemen, firemen or lawyers. She prefers retired people for they can afford to sit all day in court and receive \$4.00 per day. She does not select jurors from the voter registration lists of the Central Area. No "colored people" have served on Justice Court Juries in the past two years, since she last selected the wife of the colored Deputy King County Sheriff. Acting without malice and with humane intention, she is as brutal as a mad cop with a nightstick. The jury hearing the case is composed of pensioners. No procedure exists for defense to challenge the jury.



THE JURY

Before the trial, defense filed a motion for mistrial; not a jury of peers. Denied. They filed another motion for mistrial: the unlawful assembly law is too broad interfering with the rights of the 1st Amendment. Denied. The Prosecution filed a motion that none of the background incidents which led to the Franklin "sit-in" should be discussed in front of the jury. Granted. The trial opened. Prosecution, Neal Schulman, established that two of the defendants were seen speaking to a large crowd of black students at the Beanery, an eatery near Franklin, on the morning of the 29th. The witnesses did not hear what was said by the speakers. Mr. Ralph, principal of Franklin, testified that as he was in his office talking to Trolice Flavors and his cousin, Charles Oliver, about their suspension, a group of from 50-75 students entered the office and "took it over." Ralph also said that he was "held" by one of the demonstrators and some damage was done to the office.

The defense; Micael Rosen for Carl Miller, Chris Young for Aaron Dixon, Gary Gaton for Trolice Flavors, and Andrew Young for Richard and Larry Gossett then proceeded to show that Richard Gossett, a juvenile being tried in Adult Court, was nowhere near the school at the time of the "sit-in," that Trolice Flavors, although he was in the principal's office, he had been invited there by the principal and at no time had he been asked to leave, that Larry Gossett had not entered the office but had acted as a monitor to keep order in the halls, that Carl Miller and Aaron Dixon, acting as responsible leaders in the black community had gone to the school to prevent almost certain violence by the students (the prosecution said "the defendants wanted to see the school destroyed, they wanted to see the principal destroyed...they wanted to vent their misguided wrath....) Testimony showed that Miller, Dixon and Gossett convinced the angry students that an orderly confrontation would be more effective than getting their "pieces" (guns), that Miller and Dixon kept order while the students were in the office, prevented as much material damage as possible, restrained rowdy students who were bothering Mr. Ralph, and that when the demonstrators were told a meeting would be held with Mr. Ralph and the Human Rights Commission at a later date, they left his office immediately.



THE DEFENSE

Defense attempted to refute the prosecution's charges that the defendants resorted to a demonstration without trying to find other remedies; however, due to the motion granted to the prosecution before the trial, none of the evidence of the months of frustrated meetings and committee reports could be entered into court. The fact was that the Franklin High School administration had been a source of irritation and discontent for some time and the "sit-in" was far from a violent unprovoked response. In limiting the admissible material to the day of the sit-in, Judge Dore insured that what the jury heard was out of context and focus.

Regardless of the limitations placed on their case by the court, and the continued efforts of the prosecution to enter "inflammatory and prejudicial" statements, the defense at the very least succeeded in casting a shadow of a doubt on the prosecution charge that the defendants intended to cause a disturbance. In the light of defense witness's testimony, the prosecution's continued insistence that the defendants were "irresponsible troublemakers" was irritating and blatantly unjustified. His arrogant stance as a protector of the principles for which "both black and white have fought wars," namely, that "force is never justified" was absurd by his own logic. In summation, Schulman reminded the jury that the ends never justify the means and that a judgment of not guilty would be a subversion of equal justice.

After deliberating for almost an hour, the jury gave the verdict that was wanted. The leaders, Dixon, Miller and Gossett were found guilty. The shadow figures were let off. The decision seemed to indicate that the community does not appreciate the efforts of those who try to keep the peace and prevent possible violence unless they are cops. An elderly white-haired lady stopped the Judge as he was going into his chambers and said quite slowly, "Judge...at times I thought this trial...was taking place in Mississippi." The Judge blankly said, "Thank you. I would be glad to talk to you any time." And closed his door.



Peace and Freedom Party Summer The Peace and Freedom Party has exploded out of California and now stands on the verge of becoming a nation-wide third party committed to fighting U.S. imperialism abroad and racism at home. The PFP is presently organized in 12 major states and during the summer it hopes to become a radical alternative ready to embrace "Democrats disillusioned by the nomination of Humphrey in August."

To accomplish this end much work needs to be done. PFP plans to carry out extensive community organizing with its Peace and Freedom Summer Action program. Volunteers who are willing to work locally or to travel, to work part-time or full-time are desperately needed. The Program will guarantee any volunteer room, board, and \$5 per week. No experience is necessary, only a commitment to social justice and democratic Procedures.

The Peace and Freedom Party stands for immediate, unconditional withdrawal from Vietnam, opposes the entire thrust of American foreign policy, opposes the effects of the war domestically; repression of dissent and growing racism. The PFP supports the black liberation movement, workers, poor people, students and other groups in their struggle for social and economic justice. It was organized to unify these movements and to create for them a focus and a means of political expression."

The local branch of the PFP was the first officially recognized due to the ease of placing a party on the ballot in this state. Unfortunately, the Seattle group is made up of rancid old leftists and alienated exCP and SWP members who enjoy meetings. However, the structure of the PFP allows for the formation of completely autonomous "clubs" related to each other only in broad prospective and name. A University District Peace and Freedom Club could become whatever the members make of it. Concerned people should write to the Peace and Freedom Summer Action, P.O. Box 881, Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

CENTRAL AREA CLU

The ACLU has opened its Central District office in an empty store front near 18th and Union. Tom Gayton, UW graduate and first year law student will coordinate the office and its volunteer program during the summer months. The Central District office will provide residents of the area with information concerning their constitutional rights and will serve as clearing house for information on legal problems which may be appropriate for ACLU action. Activities planned for the office include draft counseling, police malpractice, and housing discrimination. Volunteer attorneys will be available on weekends. The amount of time the office is open to serve the Central Area residents depends upon volunteer support. Anyone interested should contact the ACLU office on the 21st floor of the Smith Tower or call Ma 4 2180.

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SEX

Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party, was sentenced in Oakland to three year probation for carrying a loaded shotgun in the vicinity of the Oakland jail. The terms of his special probation are that he not "possess, or carry any dangerous weapon, nor associate knowingly with any person carrying a dangerous weapon". The probation conditions do not take effect until all appeals have been exhausted.

NEWTON

The trial of Huey Newton on the charges of killing an Oakland pig has once more been delayed. Originally scheduled in May, the trial was held over until June 10, and held over again until July 3. The unjust imprisonment of Huey Newton has become a rallying point for blacks around the world. The Black Panthers have promised to "burn Oakland and Seattle to the ground" (Jimmy Garrett) unless justice is done and Huey is freed.

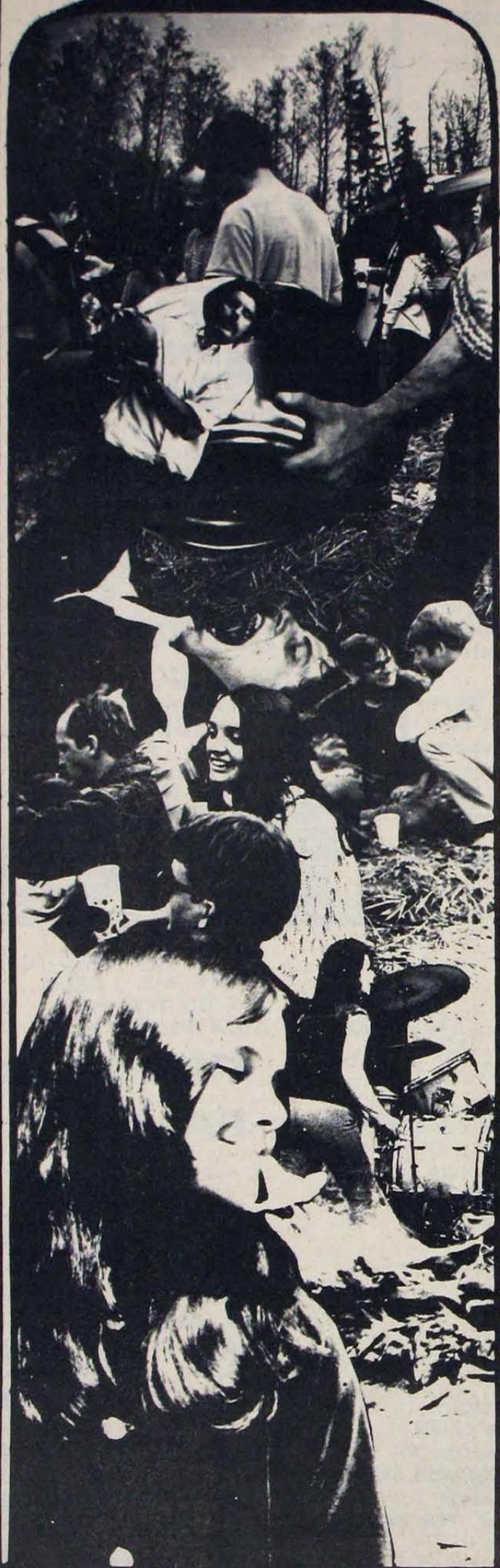
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PIG FEAST



ALL'S WELL

Junior Wells, probably the best blues harp player alive today, was in town Thursday through Saturday at the Happening, a place usually reserved for beer jocks and Louie-Louie type bands. The place was crammed to capacity with cats who looked like they just got out of their fraternity and a few paranoid looking hippies who huddled together in corners, but Wells managed to turn everyone in the place on. His band got up and played a few things before he came on (would you believe, "Let It All Hang Out"), and then Wells came dancing out, dressed in pure white and wearing fluorescent green hush-puppies. After doing one or two James Brown type things to get the audience going, he shifted into high gear when he whipped out his harp and began to blow some of the most outrageously good music ever heard in Seattle. He just laid the audience flat and kept on going.

FU

KOL FM

Robin Sherwood, who manages to stay calm on RADIO started broadcasting last Monday KOL's FM "underground." With an "absolute limit" of 4 commercials per hour, as many station breaks, 2 album sides and a few cuts this FM is making it in the ear. Sherwood also wants to experiment with polyphonic montage structures: mixing. Those ads might also get the funk treatment. He will be broadcasting from 6pm to 6 am seven days a week... from his machine.



19

the misunderstanding

j walsch

Camus' *The Misunderstanding* is a classic example of the Jackhammer School of Drama. Each theme, idea, and character is bluntly pounded out and overdone. Yet the Ensemble Theatre's production (see below) is good theater and worth seeing.

The theme's are pretty old by now—alienation, the absurd, crime versus innocence, but they have some power still. The program makes much of the theater's role to "portray the vital issues and problems concerning society" but this is horseshit. The point of the play is that God Is Dead, Crime too means solitude, etc., etc.—issues or problems which are neither vital nor social. Camus won his war in metaphysics long ago, and that part of the play is only quaint and of tipical interest. It is the people who are of interest, and most especially, Martha.

Ericka Bergmann (Martha) is an effective spokeswoman for Camus, but more importantly she is a vital and compelling personality. All of the rest of the characters are only foils—some because of Camus' writing, some because of their own inadequate acting. Jeff Gray extracts the last drop of drama from his cardboard role. The others are more or less adequate—Janet Corriston being least successful. But Martha is the center.

The play's worst parts are those that contain a deliberate and bald effort to portray philosophical ideas. When Camus allowed himself to relax his purpose and when the players themselves sensed that they were no longer symbols, but people, the play succeeds. This is not to say that all symbols, allegories, and metaphysical dramas must fail, but only that Camus is not the rare playwright who can make them work. Camus' most effective symbolism is subtle, unconscious, and finally complementary to his main purpose.

The real conclusion of the play is not that life is silly, let's go get drunk, but that life is Absurd, let's live. Those who get hung up on the surface symbols—which are in the main awkward and clumsy—will miss the fact that the Prodigal Son in the Bible was humble and defeated. Camus' Prodigal Son is proud and wealthy; and he returned primarily for selfish reasons. He brought with him the reasons and causes of his own murder. Camus is deeply realistic, and he odes not, therefore, argue that life is random except in the most ultimate sense. Camus' Absurd denies God, Sin, Innocence, etc., etc., but it does not deny cause and effect. The point is not that people get what they deserve or that people don't get what they deserve. The idea of deserving is dropped altogether. The consequences of our actions are inevitable, and they occur without regard to our ideas of what they ought to be.



DUMP TRUCK CUNNICK BABY

NIX on Parties...
IM THROUGH!

Last issue I did a series of short record reviews (unsigned: mea culpa) and about half-way through I got hung up in the idea of writing reviews. Remember when you first discovered humane liberalism, followed it through to moral relativity, stood there with your mouth open as liberalism went down the same rabbit hole as fascism, and gave up angrily accusing your parents of making value-judgments?

Everyone occasionally gets disgusted with the idea of reviewing (particularly with funky music, which is pretty much non-symbolic and about a hundred times removed from the essay form to start with), and mutters, "well, it comes down to whether or not you dig it." But everyone also makes occasional critical comments, and most people consider themselves better qualified to make judgments than this or that other person or group.

I included a disclaimer in my article, saying I hadn't liked either the Beatles or Dylan when I first heard them, but still I pronounced myself Critic. I didn't have to write the article, I chose to do it. I've listened to a lot of music, and played some, (though there are no doubt thousands of people who've heard and played more) and more or less decided that I was qualified to write a review.

Rather than hassle about "better qualified than whom," I'll make it easy and say that I'm at least better qualified than I was five or ten years ago. That sounds reasonable, right? I've heard more music since then, and had a chance to compare things, etc.



Ten years ago I was listening to some horrible stuff; I'm embarrassed to think about it now. Now my experience is wider, and I suppose that means something or other. Scientists judge by validity: the more old facts you have to compare the new facts with, the righter you are. You can't argue with the bomb: you assume it's there. Valid.

And it's pretty much assumed that art works the same way, but occasionally I wonder: if my appreciation is being improved so goddamn much, why I can't enjoy the things I used to, at least as much as I did then? Sure I should enjoy the Higher (my God, worthwhile rock?) Things even more, but why should wider experience deaden my appreciation of any art form?

I not only used to listen to, but I used to enjoy (move my body to, moan, daydream and generally go insane around) some incredibly plastic music. No matter how inept the musicians were, banal the lyrics, etc., those records were catalysts and they created a beautiful response somewhere in my head. It isn't that the music was incapable of turning anyone on; the variable is me, I lost an ability.

Judging musicians is a far easier thing: you have standards like timing, technical skill and no one argues that Buddy Guy is not a far better

guitarist than whoever plays lead for the Monkees. But even with musicians it gets tricky when you get past technical competence and can't reduce the problem to something simple like blues versus plastic rock. The next time you run into an old blues freak, ask him when he last listened to a Josh White record. But 7 years or so ago, I discovered "Josh at Midnight" and felt like I'd found a second sun. Big Joe Williams doesn't seem to have nearly the technical command of his instrument (I'm not a guitarist, but it sounds fairly obvious) but he still turns me on.

Occasionally I wonder how much of my "increased judgment" isn't due to my being able to argue with a greater show of authority than someone who has only listened to Pat O'Day or even Tom Rush. (And what happens when I meet someone who sight-reads, composes complex scores, hates rock and blues and thinks that Doc Watson is wasting two of his right hand fingers? "Well, it comes down to whether or not you dig it...")

Once in a while I have a paranoid feeling that the various preconceptions I've inherited from various "authorities," (and there is no virgin approach to an art) is merely a mass of prejudices inherited from a small group of people whose real critical competence consisted of being able to create complex and plausible arguments. I don't really believe that, I certainly couldn't act on it (back to the morass of relativity) but I sometimes suspect....

Words are far easier to write about (I focused on lyrics in my thing last issue) but the same objections hold for reviewing a poem. This essay doesn't really have a conclusion: I won't give up judging, and expressing my judgments, but it's still sort of a strange thing. I feel much safer reviewing the idea of reviewing.

LOTUS AMONG THE METAL EATERS

COMICS BY Hause



20

PART IV (Last issue Elmer "Precious" Lotus left a letter for his son, and went out on the road. Now, driving along with "Gold," his parrot, he has an Adventure.)

Morning found Lotus riding along
Humming an antique freedom song
He'd first heard sung in old Tangier.

At his side a parrot rode and sang
Of acetic flowers where gallows hang
Then sniffed, "The joss-stick gang is near!"

There by the road holy pilgrims, and fair,
(The mandala-monster arose with a crash)
With sweet clouds of smoke were filling the air
(And loading bronze-Donovan's navel with ash.)
"Well," Lotus queried, "what've we here?"
(The parrot looked harried and murmured, "Oh dear.")

"Your problem is ego," the leader intoned.
("I've got less than you!" sniffed the parrot.
"No one could carry that burden alone,
("Let us open your head, and we'll share it.")
Said Lotus, "I'm not quite sure I know how."
(Said Gold, "Beware of the Tar-Baby Tao!")

Lotus kept smiling and softly hummed OM,
(The joss-stick gang all closed their eyes.)
With a squeal and a roar he was suddenly gone,
(The smoke went drifting up to the skies.)
From far-out and off a voice came to the crowd,
"I'SE BORN AND I'SE RAISED ROUN' DAT TAR-BABY TAO!"

As Lotus and Gold went on their way
They cursed and alternately prayed
For GOD was one of their favorite names.

Parrot and man decided the Lord--
Immortal-- was saved from being bored
By devising cunning and infinite games.



NOTE: THE MUSIC FOR
"ONE MAY, I THINK..."
IN THE LAST ISSUE
WAS WRITTEN BY

**RICHARD
FALVEY**



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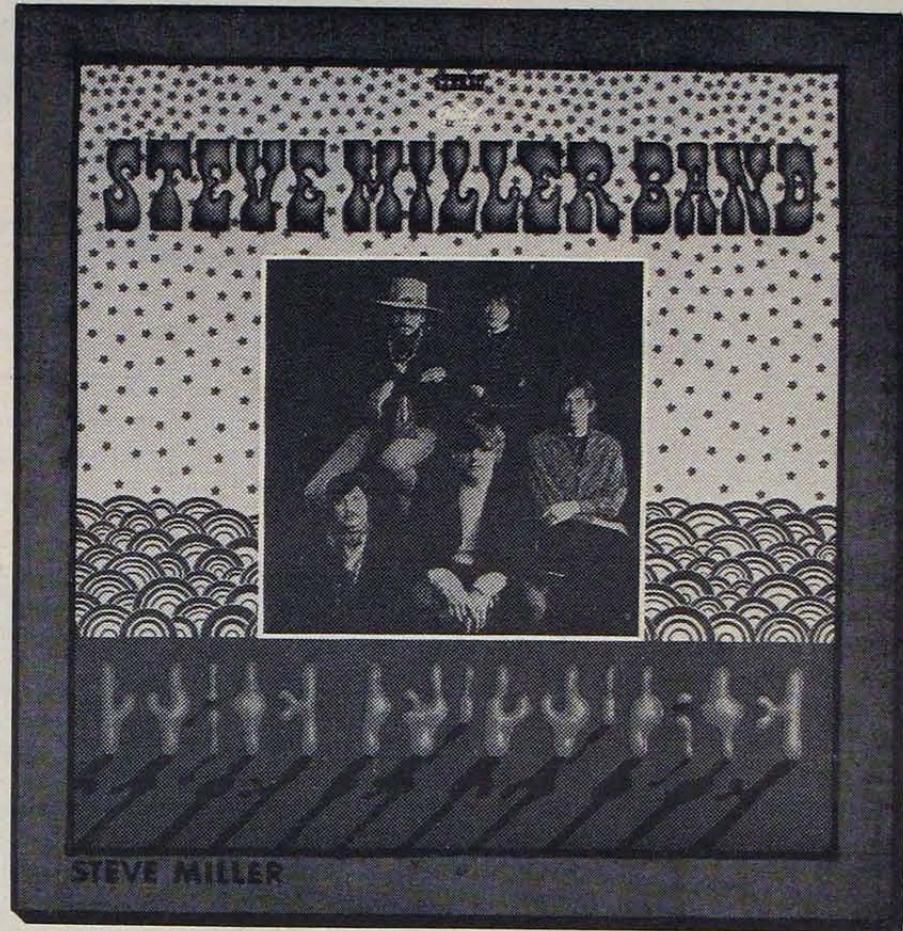


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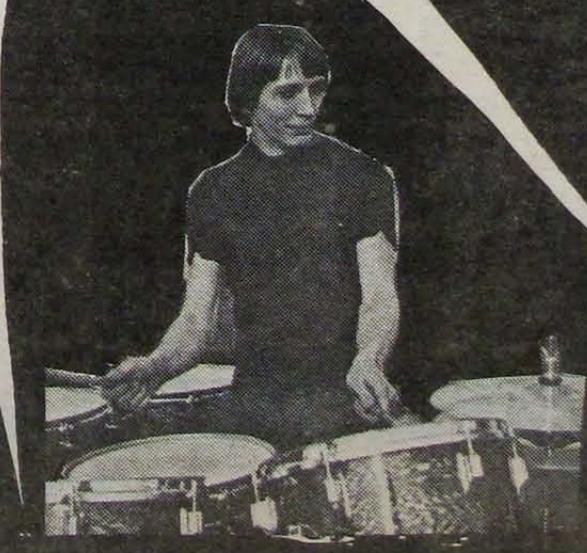
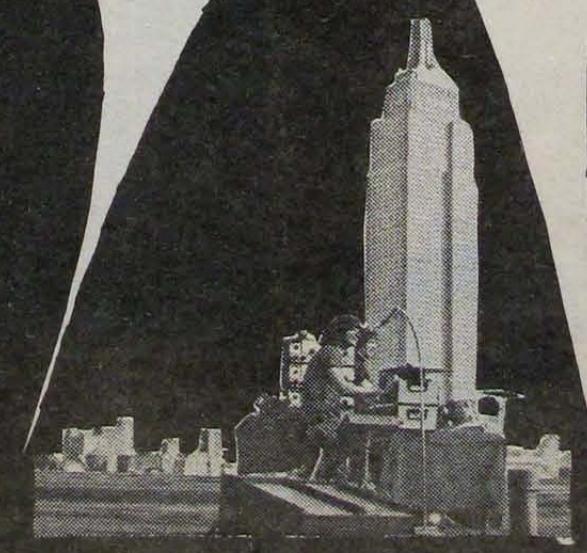
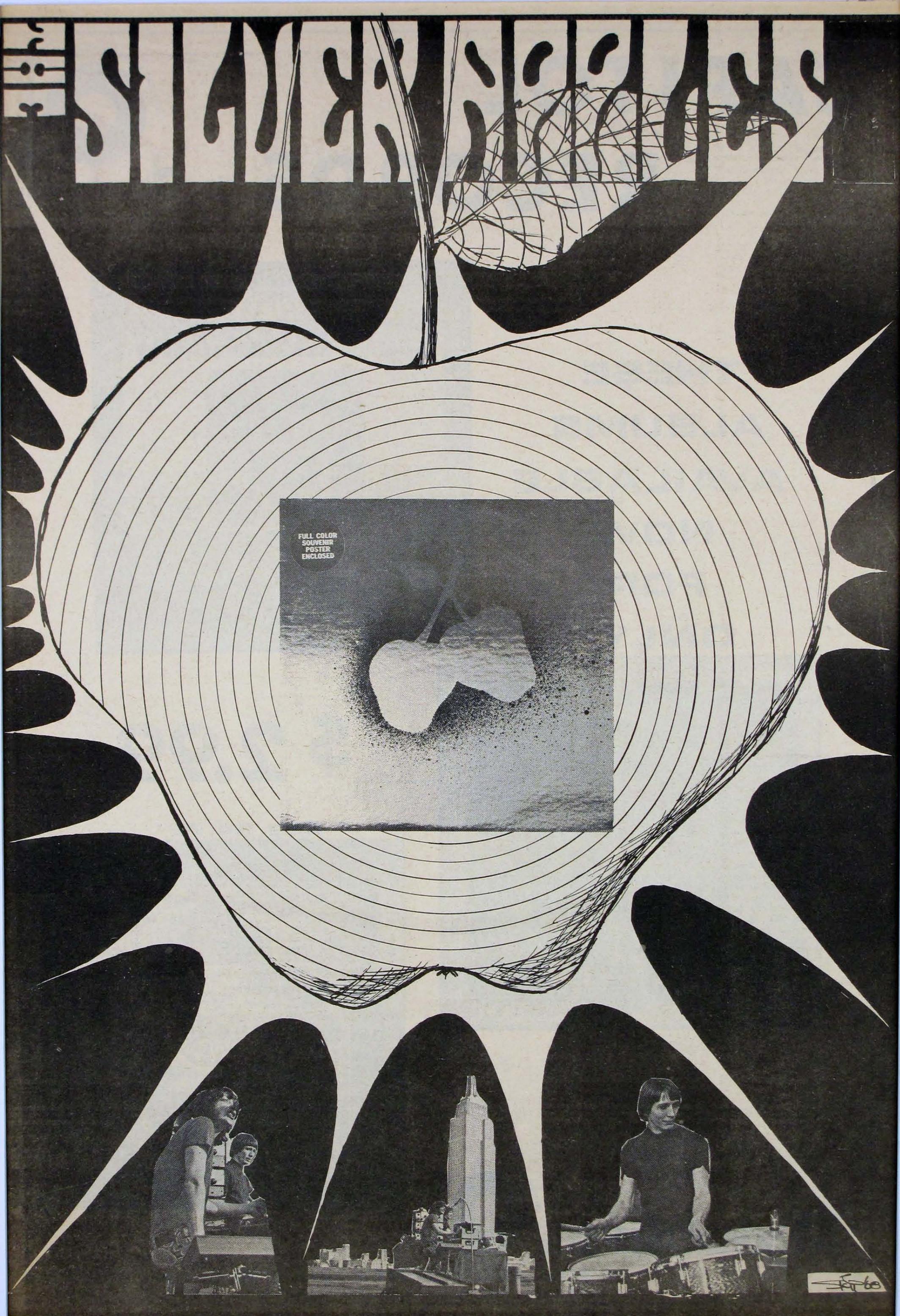
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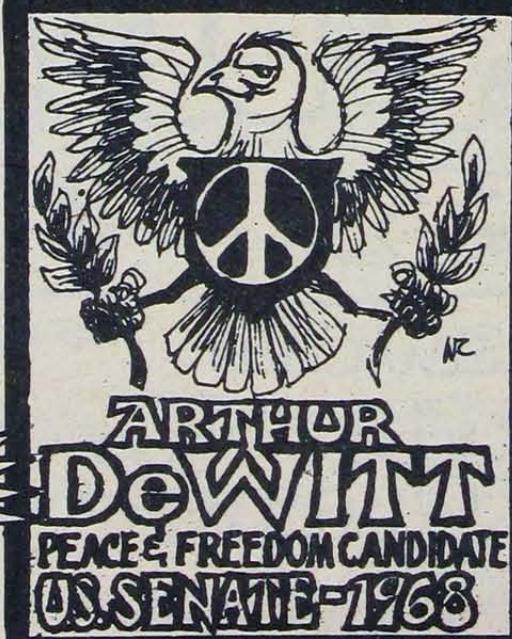
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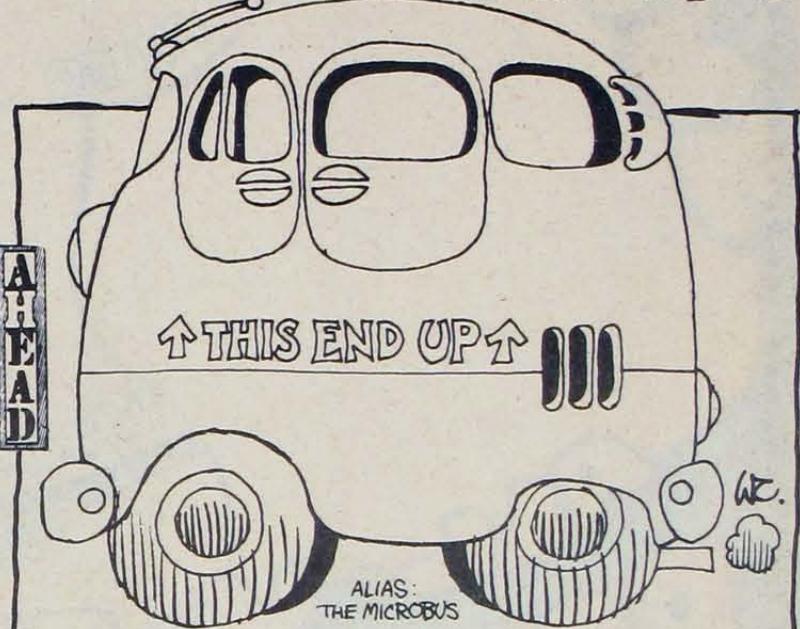
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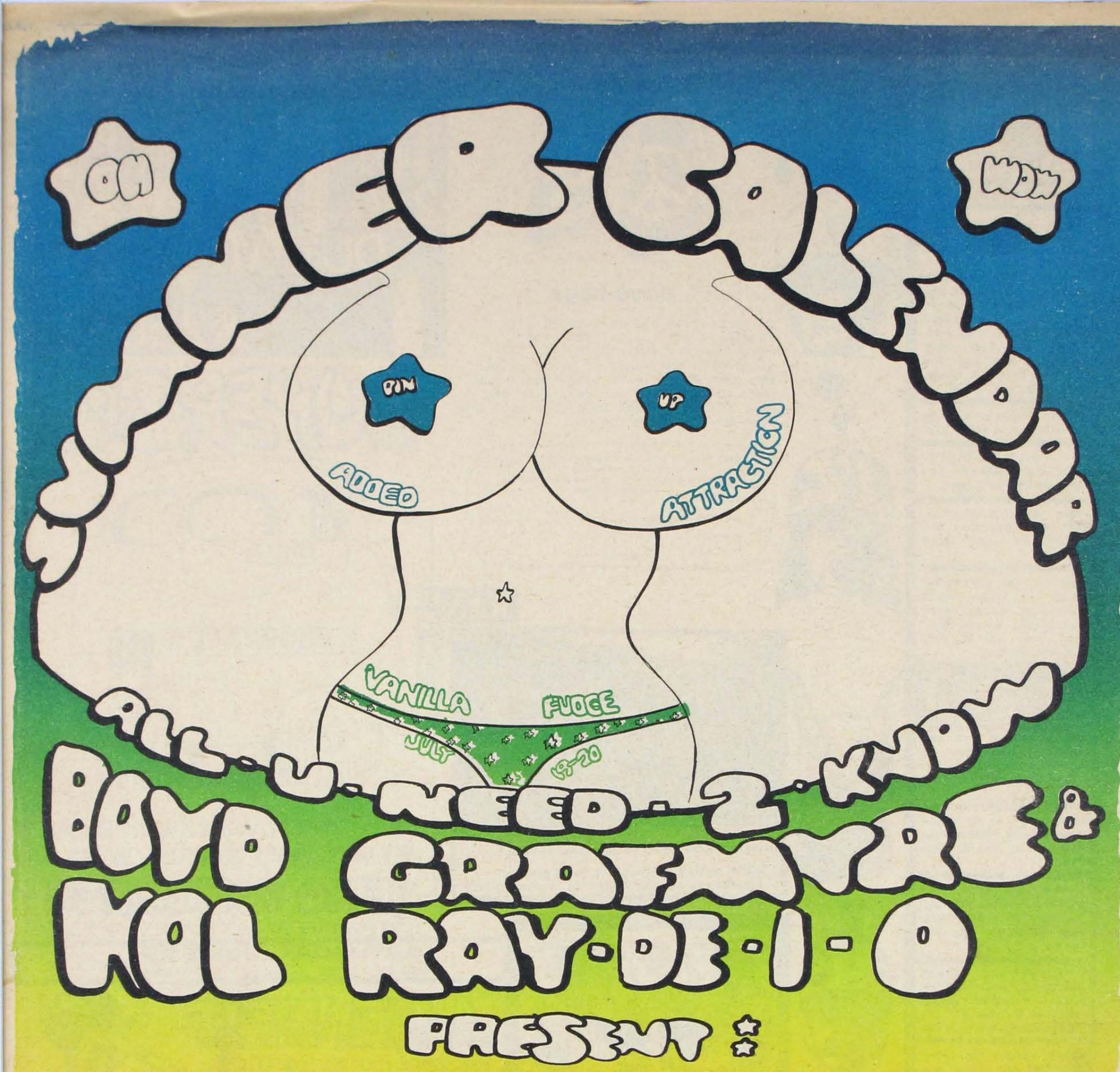
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